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Stephen McKenna

4.11.05

Stephen McKenna

4.11.05

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APIS MATINA
VERSES
TRANSLATED AND ORIGINAL

BY

EDWARD M. YOUNG, M.A.

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Cambridge:
MACMILLAN AND BOWES
1900

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APL3448

VIRO ADMODUM REVERENDO
HENRICO MONTAGU BUTLER S.T.P.

HUIUSMODI STUDIORUM MIHI OLIM
CUM HARBOVIENSIBUS SUIS FELICITER PRAESSET
IMPULSORI ET EXEMPLO
PERGRATI TEMPORIS MEMOR
OPUSCULUM HOC QUAECUMQUE
DEDICO

PREFACE.

MOST of the verses contained in this volume were written for my Sixth Form pupils in Composition at Harrow, between the years 1863 and 1877. Five are of earlier date, and some ten were done at odd moments during the fourteen years of my Sherborne headmastership (1878—1892). I have selected from a large accumulation of such pieces those which seemed to me least unworthy of preservation, in compliance, too long delayed, with the wish of several friends to possess in print what they had been so good as to value in manuscript, and on the strength of their belief that the book might be of interest, and possibly of some use, to others besides themselves. I have added a few original pieces, which were called forth by various incidents, merry or sad, arising in the course of a long connection with public school life.

The Ode on page 198, composed for the Harrow Tercentenary in 1871, has been set to music by Mr John Farmer (*Harrow Songs* Vol. I.). The

Carmen Shirburniense, written in 1887, owes whatever vitality it possesses to the spirited setting (Weekes and Co.) of my friend Mr L. N. Parker, for many years Organist and Director of Music at Sherborne School.

I am indebted for valuable help in the task of selection and revision to my former colleague, Mr E. E. Bowen of Harrow, and to my old pupil Mr H. C. F. Mason, Assistant Master at Haileybury College. To the latter I am also under obligation for permission to print his graceful elegiac rendering of the memorial lines on page 194.

ROTHBURY.

December, 1899.

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APIS MATINA.

AMIENS' SONG.

Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat—
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats
 And pleased with what he gets—
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

SHAKESPEARE.



HUC ADES !

Quisquis fronde sub ilicis
 mecum vult recubans ludere fistula,
 musam aptare avium modis
 si curat liquidis, huc ferat huc pedem ;
 nullos hic nisi turbinis
 hostilesque hiemis sentiet impetus.
 quisquis, sorte potentium
 spreta, degere amat sub Iove simplices
 quaerens ipse sibi dapes
 contentusque datis, huc veniat comes :
 nullos hic nisi turbinis
 adversosque hiemis sentiet impetus.





PAST AND PRESENT.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day ;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet.



LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

Quam bene nunc etiam natalia tecta recorder,
 quaeque novum admisit parva fenestra diem ;
parcius illa quidem, sed tum mihi, qualibet hora
 venerit, invito sol abiturus erat.
nunc tamen, a, quotiens optavi nocte silenti
 venissent animae tempora summa meae.
purpureos memini calices niveosque rosarum,
 vos, violae, et mirum, lilia, lucis opus,
viburni silvam, nidos ubi parva quotannis
 pectore de rubro dicta locabat avis,
teque, genista, brevi fratris diuturnior aevo,
 natali ut frater severit ipse die.

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing :
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

Hood.



mirari in tremula memini me fronde sedentem
parne foret zephyri frigus hirundinibus ;
mens mea tunc volucris, qua raptus in alta ferebar,
nunc eadem quanto plus gravitatis habet :
vix etiam posset capitis restinguere febrem
qui lacus aestiva nos recreabat aqua.
vosque recordor adhuc, umbrosa cacumina, pini,
vertice quas gracili rebar adesse polo :
desipuine puer?—fuit haud inamabilis error,
qui sineret caelo sic propiore frui :
nunc quid scire iuvat quanto longinquius absim?
somnia quid pueri dedidicisse virum?



THE HOLY GRAIL.

And on I rode, and greater was my thirst.
Then flash'd a yellow gleam across the world,
And where it smote the plowshare in the field,
The plowman left his plowing, and fell down
Before it; where it glitter'd on her pail,
The milkmaid left her milking, and fell down
Before it, and I knew not why, but thought
'The sun is rising,' tho' the sun had risen.
Then was I ware of one that on me moved
In golden armour with a crown of gold
About a casque all jewels; and his horse
In golden armour jewell'd everywhere;
And on the splendour came, flashing me blind;
And seem'd to me the Lord of all the world,
Being so huge. But when I thought he meant
To crush me, moving on me, lo! he, too,
Open'd his arms to embrace me as he came,
And up I went and touch'd him, and he, too,
Fell into dust, and I was left alone
And wearying in a land of sand and thorns.

TENNYSON.

EQUES SACER.

Admovi tum calcar equo,—sitis ora premebat
acrior; inde iubar sensi rutilare per orbem,
quo simul atque ictus splendescit vomer, ibidem
sistit opus, flexoque genu se sternit arator,
sternit se supplex virgo, mulctralia linquens
luce lacessita et distentas ubere vaccas.
tunc ego—sed Phoebus dudum se moverat ortu—
‘sol oritur!’ dixi mecum, nam causa latebat.
nec mora, nescio quem vidi me tendere contra
auratis indutum armis aureaque corona,
quam galeae addiderat gemmanti insigne, nec illi
non quadrupes gemmis splendebat totus et auro.
talis adit, tali nobis prope lumen ademptum est
fulgure, nam speciem Domini loca cuncta regentis
mole dabat vasta: nec me tamen obruit instans,
quod timui, medio quin porrigit hic quoque gressu
bracchia, complexu tamquam excepturus; ego ultro
successi tetigique, sed hic quoque mole soluta
fit pulvis: mecum solus vagor aspera dumis
tesca remensurus, steriles ego fessus harenas.



BLACK AUSTER.

But, like a graven image,
 Black Auster kept his place,
And ever wistfully he looked
 Into his master's face.
The raven-mane that daily,
 With pats and fond caresses,
The young Herminia washed and combed,
 And twined in even tresses,
And decked with coloured ribands
 From her own gay attire,
Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse,
 In carnage and in mire.
Forth with a shout sprang Titus,
 And seized black Auster's rein ;
Then Aulus sware a fearful oath,
 And ran at him amain.



NOMEN EQUO DEDERAT SUBITIS NIGER
IMBRIBUS AUSTER.

At niger in statione tenet se immobilis Auster,
 de nigro quasi sit marmore factus equus,
 nec desiderio non percitus usque fideli
 in faciem exanimis despiciebat eri.
 a! quam mutata est corvi iuba nigrior ala,
 quam prius Herminii nata lavabat aquis,
 quam nulla non luce fovens plaudensque solebat
 pectere, nodatis arte manuque comis,
 sive puellari praestans in veste niteret
 taenia, adornabat cultibus ipsa suis:
 nunc eadem foedata luto est, foedata cruore,
 maeret ubi incumbens Auster in ora patris:
 nec mora, torpescentis equi rapiebat habenam
 prosiliens, magna non sine voce, Titus;
 cui, caput invicti iuratus et arma Quirini,
 obviis admisso se tulit Aulus equo.

'The furies of thy brother
With me and mine abide,
If one of your accursed house
Upon black Auster ride!'
As on an Alpine watch-tower
From heaven comes down the flame,
Full on the neck of Titus
The blade of Aulus came ;
And out the red blood spouted,
In a wide arch and tall,
As spouts a fountain in the court
Of some rich Capuan's hall.
The knees of all the Latines
Were loosened with dismay,
When dead, on dead Herminius,
The bravest Tarquin lay.

MACAULAY.



'sic nos perpetuo nostrosque,' ait ille, 'nepotes
 fraterno sceleri debitus ultor agat,
 ausus erit si quis, genus execrabile, vestrum
 Herminii nigro subdere calcar equo.'
 dixerat, et dicto citius, velut Alpīs in arce
 flamma ferit speculam missa repente polo,
 sic Aulī manus ense micans, adductaque totis
 viribus, adverso sedit in ore Titi :
 protinus ingentem sese eiaculatus in arcum
 aera purpureo dividit imbre cruor :
 haud aliter Capuae, media locupletis in aula,
 fons improvisas eiaculatur aquas.
 omnibus actutum pavor occupat ora Latinis,
 qui rigido staret poplite, nullus erat ;
 postquam Tarquinius, cui par non alter in armis,
 hoste super caeso caesus et ipse iacet.



THE WOODMAN AND HIS DOG.

Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear—
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,
And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow ; and now, with many a frisk
Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout,
Then shakes his powdered coat and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark, nor stops for aught,
But now and then with pressure of his thumb,
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube
That fumes beneath his nose : the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.

COWPER.

GRESSUMQUE CANIS COMITATUR ERILEM.

En, pagi nil tecta morans iucunda relictis,
 tesca petit silvae, cui durum munus ab ortu
 solis ad occasum, nullo spectante, bipennem
 moliri, et cuneis diffindere robur adactis.
 corpore non pingui, sed acutis auribus acer,
 decisamque gerens hirsuto a tergore caudam,
 huic comes it catulus, nothus an venaticus, anceps,
 ad calcem seu repit iners, seu latius errans
 cursibus immiscet saltus, vel gestit eburno
 spargere dente nives pronove invertere rostro;
 tum niveos quatit exultans latratibus artus.
 rusticus interea, catus ille quot implicet artes
 nil animadvertens, quo fert via, pergit eodem,
 nec sistit gressus, presso nisi pollice quando
 dispensare iuvat tenui quae tura canali
 naribus indulgent fumos: volat agmine longo
 pone vapor, gratisque implentur odoribus aurae.



ARETHUSA.

Arethusa arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag
Shepherding her bright fountains.
She leapt down the rocks,
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams;
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine,
Which slopes to the western gleams:
And gliding and springing
She went, ever singing
In murmurs as soft as sleep:
The Earth seemed to love her,
And Heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.



QUO PROPERAS, ARETHUSA?

Olim nivali prosiluit toro
 Cerauniorum filia montium,
 per nubila et cautes acutas
 expediens Arethusa fontes.
 undantia inter flumina cerneres
 undare cinctos Iride virginis
 per saxa delapsae capillos,
 nec loca non viridare passus
 devexa, quae sol respicit occidens ;
 lymphis ut ibat prona loquacibus
 semper, vel exultans ciebat
 murmura languidiora somno.
 hanc visa Tellus diligere est parens
 huic molle risit caerulea Pater
 ex arce, dum nectens in omni
 valle moras petit alta ponti.

Then Alpheus bold
On his glacier cold
With his trident the mountains strook,
And opened a chasm
In the rocks:—with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook;
And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below.
The beard and the hair
Of the River-god were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

SHELLEY.



consurgit antris tum glacialibus
Alpheus audax, et iuga percutit
tridente, diffinditque rupes,
quo subito tremefactus ictu
totus remugit mons Erymanthius.
nec iam silentes post nivium latens
urnas quiescebat, sed atras
cum tonitru quatit Auster alas
terraeque motu: fontibus obices
laxantur infra; iamque dei comas
hinc inde per lympham solutas
cernere erat vitreamque barbam,
quocumque torrens se tulit impetu,
cursum ut nitenti tramite dirigens
nymphae sequebatur fugaces
Doridis ad vada salsa plantas.





CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest.
 The fount reappearing
 From the rain-drops shall borrow,
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow.

The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary,
 But the voice of the weeper
 Wails manhood in glory.
 The Autumn winds rushing
 Waft the leaves that are searest,
 But our flower was in flushing,
 When blighting was nearest.



NAENIA.

Qui silvae, qui montis eras tutela relictī,
 te mons abreptum, te tua silva gemit.
 nos ubi plus solito rerum custodis egemus,
 solibus exusti fontis ut umor abis.
 ille tamen recidivus erit, cum sentiet addi
 mox sibi non proprias quas dabit imber aquas:
 at nobis non ulla venit medicina doloris,
 at tibi, Duncani, crastina nulla dies.
 induxit quotiens messorum tempus aristis,
 cana subit falcem, nec nisi cana, seges:
 nos acri gemitu comitem deflemus ademptum, .
 gloria cui formae summa virilis erat.
 misit ubi Autumnus celeres e carcere ventos,
 non nisi marcentes decutit aura comas;
 eximios flos ille tamen gestabat honores,
 tunc cum praesto aderat mortis acerba lues.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever.

SIR W. SCOTT.



quem rapidae vexere iugi super ardua plantae,
qui monitor dubiis optimus unus eras:
quem manus in praedam totiens rubefacta cruore
impulit, a, quam te nunc sopor altus habet!
ut ros in clivis Phoebo veniente recedit,
ut spuma in fluvio vecta repente perit,
fontana ceu bulla tumens vanescit in unda,
tu quoque, tu dempto fine carendus abes.





GUINEVERE.

And while she grovell'd at his feet,
 She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,
 And, in the darkness o'er her fallen head,
 Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

Then, listening till those armed steps were gone,
 Rose the pale Queen, and in her anguish found
 The casement: 'peradventure,' so she thought,
 'If I might see his face, and not be seen.'
 And lo, he sat on horseback at the door!
 And near him the sad nuns with each a light
 Stood, and he gave them charge about the Queen,
 To guard and foster her for evermore.
 And while he spake to these his helm was lower'd,
 To which for crest the golden dragon clung
 Of Britain; so she did not see the face,
 Which then was as an angel's, but she saw,
 Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,
 The Dragon of the great Pendragonship
 Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire.



GINEVRA.

Dixerat; ante pedes sternenti in pulvere frontem
 halitus uxori per colla errare videtur
 regis, et ipse manus caeca in caligine motans
 vota pio lapsae supra caput addere gestu.

haec adeo, auscultans donec ferrata silescat
 planta recedentis, pallenti denique vultu
 se levat, incertaque manu petit aegra fenestram,
 si forte adspiciat, fallat tamen ipsa mariti
 adspectum. ecce autem rex sese ad limen agebat
 vectus equo: tristes iuxta, pia turba, ministrae
 stant sumpta face quaeque sua, quibus ille supremam
 mandabat curam uxoris semperque tuendae
 officium. facies absconditur aere loquentis,
 qui tum divini speciem dabat oris, at ipsum
 luce lacessitum madidumque vapore draconem
 scintillare videt noctemque accendere fumo.

And even then he turn'd; and more and more
The moony vapour rolling round the King,
Who seem'd the phantom of a giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray
And grayer, till himself became as mist
Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.

Then she stretch'd out her arms and cried aloud
'Oh Arthur!' there her voice brake suddenly,
Then—as a stream that spouting from a cliff
Falls in mid air, but gathering at the base
Re-makes itself, and flashes down the vale—
Went on in passionate utterance.

TENNYSON.



et iam nunc avertit eques, qui cinctus opaca
 nube, velut nimbo cum lunæ involvitur orbis,
 effigiem obscura referebat mole gigantis,
 sublustri implicitus magis usque vaporis amictu,
 donec et ipse vapor merus exstitit, in sua fata
 coniugis ante oculos, noctis velut umbra, recedens.

Tum demum regina manus extendit et alta
 voce 'Arture!' vocat—vox rupta in faucibus haesit.
 ac velut effusus saxi de vertice torrens,
 cum medio in lapsu discedit ruptus, at idem
 infra se reficit sparsasque recolligit undas
 impete fulmineo vallem ruiturus in imam,
 haud secus amenti pergit regina loquella.



THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

Earl March look'd on his dying child,
And smit with grief to view her—
'The youth,' he cried, 'whom I exiled,
Shall be restored to woo her.'

She's at the window many an hour
His coming to discover:
And he looked up to Ellen's bower
And she looked on her lover.

But ah! so pale, he knew her not
Though her smile on him was dwelling—
'And am I then forgot,—forgot?'
It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
Her cheek is cold as ashes;
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
To lift their silken lashes.

CAMPBELL.

MORITURA SUPER CRUDELI FUNERE.

Marcius ora suae videt intabescere natae ;
 perculit, a, quantus corda paterna dolor :
 ‘quem profugum exegi, nugas licet, inquit, amanti,
 nulla mora in nobis, quin revocetur, erit.’
 horam aliam ex alia iuxta sedet illa fenestram,
 ne sibi non vigili restituatur amans ;
 iamque redux Helenen puer in statione manentem
 suspicit, et puerum despicit illa suum :
 despicit arridens oculis, nec sic tamen, eheu !
 nota est, cui toto fugerat ore color :
 ‘immemor esse mei, potes immemor esse ?’—puellae
 maerore absumptae vox ea summa fuit.
 quid gemitu, miserande, valet, quid fletibus uti ?
 frigent extincto ceu cinis igne genae :
 ipse amor incassum rigidis sua figit ocellis
 oscula, nec solvi qua prece cogat habet.



CHILDHOOD AND HIS VISITORS.

Once on a time, when sunny May
 Was kissing up the April showers,
 I saw fair Childhood, hard at play,
 Upon a bank of blushing flowers:
 Happy—he knew not whence or how—
 And smiling—who could choose but love him?
 For not more glad than Childhood's brow
 Was the blue heaven that beamed above him.

Old Time, in most appalling wrath,
 That valley's green repose invaded;
 The brooks grew dry upon his path,
 The birds were mute, the lilies faded.
 But Time so swiftly winged his flight,
 In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,
 That Childhood watched his paper kite,
 And knew just nothing of the matter.



AETAS PUERILIS.

Tempore quo Mai siccabant oscula solis
 quas dederat subitas imber Aprilis aquas,
 visus inesse mihi est, totusque incumbere, ludo,
 florida cui rubuit sub pede ripa, puer.
 inscius ut fuerit sua surgeret unde voluptas,
 nulli subridens non in amore fuit,
 caerulea quippe poli laetabile quidquid haberent,
 laetior adspectu frons puerilis erat.

irati senis instar habens horrenda minantis,
 otia disturbat Tempus amoena loci:
 Temporis incursu siccos aqua deficit amnes,
 lilia languescunt, carmen omittit avis.
 sed Graium, reor, exitio monumenta daturus,
 alarum senior tam citus ibat ope,
 cartea ut observans milvi simulacra volantis
 nil puer advertat Temporis illud iter.

With curling lip and glancing eye,
 Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute;
 But Childhood's glance of purity
 Had such a holy spell within it,
 That the dark demon to the air
 Spread forth again his baffled pinion,
 And hid his envy and despair,
 Self-tortured, in his own dominion.

Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,
 Pale, cypress-crowned, Night's awful daughter,
 And proffered him a fearful cup
 Full to the brim with bitter water:
 Poor Childhood bade her tell her name;
 And when the beldam muttered—'Sorrow,'
 He said—'Don't interrupt my game;
 I'll taste it, if I must, to-morrow.'

The muse of Pindus thither came,
 And wooed him with the softest numbers
 That ever scattered wealth and fame
 Upon a youthful poet's slumbers:
 Though sweet the music of the lay,
 To Childhood it was all a riddle,
 And 'Oh,' he cried, 'do send away
 That noisy woman with the fiddle!'

torva tuens oculis, rugosaque horrida sanna,
 adspexit tantum Poena, fugitque locum;
 nam pueri in vultu, quoquo flectebat ocellos,
 vis inerat sanctae tanta pudicitiae,
 panderet ut rursus mala pestis ad aera pennas,—
 spem desperatam testificante fuga,—
 invidiaeque suae stimulis cruciata referret
 non profecturas in sua regna minas.

tunc adit, os exsanguie gerens atraque cupressu
 vincta comas, Erebi filia, tristis anus,
 quae calicem ostendens plenum, 'cape,' dixit, 'et
 hauri,
 neu pigeat gustus quod sit amarus, aquam,'
 inde miser, 'quae, mater, ades?' cui saga roganti
 rettulit ut presso murmure, 'Cura vocor,'
 'desine, neve meos hortando intercipe ludos,
 cras, si parendum est, cras,' ait ille, 'bibam.'

proxima successit Pindi soror una canoro
 de grege, suave ciens voce lyraque melos,
 quale prius numquam tenero per somnia vati
 sperata dederat laude opibusve frui:
 carmina sed quamvis dulcedine plena sonarent,
 res nihili puero est gratia visa lyrae:
 non placuisse parumst, 'a, pestem, avertite,' clamat,
 'cur vaga sambuca nos ita tundat anus?'

Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,
And taught him, with most sage endeavour,
Why bubbles rise and acorns fall,
And why no toy may last for ever.
She talked of all the wondrous laws,
Which Nature's open book discloses,
And Childhood, ere she made a pause,
Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep on, sleep on! Oh Manhood's dreams
Are all of earthly pain, or pleasure,
Of Glory's toils, Ambition's schemes,
Of cherished love, or hoarded treasure:
But to the couch where Childhood lies
A more delicious trance is given,
Lit up by rays from seraph eyes,
And glimpses of remember'd heaven!

W. M. PRAED.



tum furata pilam prohibet Sapientia ludos,
 naturaeque vias explicuisse sagax,
 ipsa docet cur bulla natet, quae causa cadendi
 glandibus, et placeat cur sine fine nihil.
 has ubi narravit mirandas ordine leges,
 mystica Socraticis numquam adaperta viris,
 ecce puer—necdum finiverat illa loquellam—
 mollibus indormit mollior ipse rosis.

a, noli turbare! feret maturior aetas
 plena cupidinibus somnia, plena metu;
 seu levis ambitio, seu cura fatigat honorum,
 sive fames auri seu male fatus amor:
 at tibi, qua recubas nostri, puer, inscius aevi,
 nescio qua specie fas potiore frui,
 cui vigilant circum radiantia lumina cunas,
 ut maneat caeli, natus es unde, memor.





RICHARD III. Act I. Sc. IV.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death

To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive

To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood

Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth,

To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;

But smothered it within my panting bulk,

Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. Oh no, my dream was lengthened after life;

O then began the tempest to my soul!

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,

With that grim ferryman which poets write of,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,

Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,

Who cried aloud—'What scourge for perjury

Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'



στάζει δ' ἐν ὕπνῳ πρὸ καρδίας
μνησικλήμων πόντος.

- B. τοσήνδ' ἄρ' εἶχες ἐν ῥοπή βίου· σχολὴν
ὥστ' εἰσορᾶν τὰ κρυπτὰ τᾶν βυθῶ τάδε;
- K. οὕτω γ' ἔδοξε καίπερ ἐκπνεῦσαι βίον
ζητοῦντί μοι θάμ', ἀλλ' ἐμήν ψυχὴν ἀεὶ
κλύδων κατεῖχε φθονερός, οὐδ' εἰασέ νιν,
ὀρμωμένην περ, ἐκφυγεῖν πρὸς αἰθέρος
κενόν τ' ἄπειρόν τ' οἶμον, ἀλλὰ σώματι
ἔπνυγ' ἐν ἀσπαίρουσι, καὶ μόλις γ' ἔσω
στέγειν οἷφ' τε μὴ 'ς τὸ κύμ' ἐρυγγάνειν.
- B. οὐκουν σὺ δεινῷ τῷδ' ἀνηγέρθης πάθει;
- K. ἦκιστα, καὶ γὰρ οὐδέπω, θανόνθ' ὁμως,
τοῦναρ μ' ἀφῆκε τοῦτ', ἐμηκύνθη μὲν οὖν·
οἶον τὸ χεῖμ' ἐπῆλθέ μ' ἐντεῦθεν φρενῶν·
λυγρὰν γὰρ ἐδόκουν διαπερᾶν Στυγὸς ῥοήν,
πορθμεὶ σὺν ὤμῳ, τῷ 'ν λόγοις ὑμνουμένῳ,
Ἄιδου πλέων ἐς δώματ', αἰαντὴ σκότον·
ψυχὴν δὲ τοῦδ' ἐδέξατ' ἐν νεκροῖς ξένην
πρώτισθ' ὁ γαμβρός οὐμὸς, Ὁαρικλῆς μέγας,
οὗτος δ' ἔκραξε, Τίνα ποτ' ἀντ' ἀπιστίας
εὖροιεν ἂν μάστιγα τῷ Κλαρευτίῳ
οἱ τοῦ σκοτεινοῦ τοῦδε κοίρανοι μυχοῦ;

And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud—
'Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabbed me in the field by Tewkesbury;
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments.'
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made my dream.

SHAKESPEARE.



ὁ δ' ἠφανίζεται· εἴτ' ἄλωμένη παρὴν
 βροτοῦ μὲν οὐχί, δαίμονος δέ του σκιά,
 λαμπρὰς μυδῶσα φονολιβεῖ δρόσφ τρίχας·
 ἀνωλόλυξε δ', Οὔτος, ἦν ἰδοῦ, πάρα,
 ὁ κοῦφος, οὐπίορκος, ὁ ψευδῶν πλέως,
 ξίφει μ' ὅς ἐξέπραξεν ἐν τροπῇ μάχης,
 Τευκρῶν παρ' ἄστει· σοῦσθε, ποίνιμοι θεαί,
 ἄρπάζετε αὐτὸν, ἔλκετ' ἐς τιμωρίαν.
 ἐνταῦθα μυσαρῶν, ὡς ἔδοξ', Ἄρῶν μ' ὄχλος
 κύκλω περιστάς ὧδε δυσφιλή βοήν
 ἦκαν δι' ὧτων, ὥστ' ἔλυσ' ἄφνω μ' ὕπνος
 κραυγῆς ὑπ' αὐτῆς ἐκπλαγέντα, κοῦδέπω
 δοκοῦντ' ἐμαντῶ μὴ τὰ νέρθε γῆς βλέπειν·
 τοιόνδε μοι τὸ δαῖμα τοῦνείρου προσῆν.





THE SAILOR BOY.

He rose at dawn and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,
And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud,
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,
'O boy, tho' thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

'The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play.'



PUER NAUTICUS.

Surgit mane novo, nec spe non fervidus acri,
 transilit, en ! portus spumæ claustra puer:
 iamque ratem tetigit, presso iam fune, volucris
 portat Lucifero more canentis ave!
 non minus, arguto dum protrahit ore canorem,
 Nereis est illi trux dare visa minas,—
 ‘væ, puer audaci nimium confise iuventæ,
 naufraga cui cerno quem struat unda torum.
 nonne vides nigris ut circumfusa cavernis
 gurgitis albenti spumet harena sale?
 ut se cancer agat circum præcordia ludens,
 haereat ut costis improba testa tuis?’

'Fool,' he answer'd, 'death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will nevermore endure
To sit with empty hands at home.

'My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters crying "stay for shame!"
My father raves of death and wreck,
They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

'God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me.'

TENNYSON.



dixerat; inde puer—‘demens, quae tanta minaris?

certa foris cuique est mors sua, certa domi;

ignavis hominum sint desidis otia vitae,

nil moror ad patrios ipse vacare focos.

mater me retinet cervicem amplexa lacertis,

me soror, exclamans, “sit pudor ire, mane.”

naufragium crepat usque pater certamque ruinam:—

nil sapiunt, cunctos error ineptus habet.

hac pro parte loquar: mihi sic Deus adsit eunti!

ni mala, ni ponti murmura passus ero,

est imo sub corde minax quae surgit Erinnyes,

qua mihi sunt quaevis fata timenda minus.’





THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

- S.* Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.
- P.* If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.
- S.* And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
- P.* But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.



SI QUA TUI CORYDONIS HABET TE CURA,
VENITO.

SILVIUS. PHOEBE.

S. Sis consors mea, sis amor,
 tecum quidquid agri deliciarum habent,
 valles et iuga montium,
 quidquid silva, libens experiar comes.

P. si tellus nova, si foret
 intemptatus amor, certa proci fides,
 vellem fors tibi credula
 vitaeque et thalami degere particeps.

S. inter saxa sedentibus
 pascant ut pueri cernere erit greges
 rivorum ad vada iugium,
 concordes resonant quis avium modi.

P. sit frigus modo rupibus,
 rivo sit rabies, mutat ovilibus
 grex campos, tacet Atthidis,
 et vox una sonat dura paventium.

- S.* There will I make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.
- P.* The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.
- S.* The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning,
If these delights thy mind may move
To live with me and be my love.
- P.* But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date nor age no need,
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

MARLOWE. RALEIGH.



S. hic ibis cubitum in rosis,
 hic omnis tibi erit copia narium,
 cingam flore caput, latus
 stringent texta comis cingula myrteis.

P. flos marcescet, honoribus
 rus multabit hiemps improba, melleis
 vernet blanditiis amor,
 fel si corde latet, tristis erit seges.

S. Mai quotquot eunt dies,
 pastorum ad numerum crura moventium
 delectabere cantibus,
 his si mota Venus nostra dabis manus.

P. si mansurus amor foret,
 si nec vita fugax nec breve gaudium,
 si nullius egens anus,
 exorata Venus fors tua viverem.





TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE

Come, when no graver cares employ,
Godfather, come and see your boy :

 Your presence will be sun in winter,
Making the little one leap for joy.

For being of that honest few,
Who give the Fiend himself his due,
 Should eighty thousand college-councils
Thunder 'Anathema,' friend, at you ;

Should all our churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,
 Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome,
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight ;

Where far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown
 All round a careless-ordered garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down.



INVITATIO.

Ni res forte vetent molestiores,
 huc, Maurice, veni, parens ut alter
 visurus puerum tui poetae :
 brumæ tu quasi sol nitens in hora,
 præsens efficies ut ipse laetos
 exsultim moveat pedes tenellus :
 nam cum vel Stygiæ duci catervæ
 is sis, reddere qui sciat quod æquum est,
 vir paucorum hominum atque honestiorum,
 denis millibus octiens apud te
 dirarum intonet augurum quod usquam est,
 quantum est pontificum evomat minantum,
 recti tam quia sis tenax, venena,
 at mecum bene habebis probeque ;
 non sunt auguris hi lares ; vocantis
 hospes sis meus insulaeque Vectis :
 qua fumo et strepitu remotus urbis
 miror vesper ut incidens opacet
 curati quasi neglegenter horti
 celso contiguos iugo recessus.

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine :

For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand ;
And further on, the hoary Channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand ;

Where, if below the milky steep
Some ship of battle slowly creep,
And on thro' zones of light and shadow
Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin
That made a selfish war begin ;
Dispute the claims, arrange the chances,
Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win :

Or whether war's avenging rod
Shall lash all Europe into blood ;
Till you shall turn to dearer matters,
Dear to the man that is dear to God ;

cenanti tibi nil erit maligni,
 at sermo probus, at salubre vinum,
 nec tanget nisi garrientis aures
 parrae sub trabe pinea loquella.
 nam brumalibus hinc et inde ventis
 obstat pinea silva, longiusque
 cano ex aequore fluctus intumescens
 cretosam facit impetus in oram.
 hic si forte iugo sub albicanti
 navis bellica, tardius recedens
 per zonas modo luminis modo umbrae,
 vastum, nec bene visa, carpet aequor,
 an culpa Scythæ dignus ambigemus,
 coepto qui sibi consulat duello;
 utrum ius penes, utrius tyranni,
 fortuna geminas regente lances,
 sors victrix paritura sit triumphum;
 an Mars sanguineo paret flagello
 Europam prius excitare totam:
 his ni te graviora detinebunt,
 quæ sint cara viro diis amato,

How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings, of the poor ;
 How gain in life, as life advances,
Valour and charity more and more.

Come, Maurice, come ; the lawn as yet
Is hoar with rime or spongy wet ;
 But when the wreath of March has blossomed,
Crocus, anemone, violet,

Or later, pay one visit here,
For those are few we hold as dear ;
 Nor pay but one, but come for many,
Many and many a happy year.

TENNYSON.



quonam angusta modo sit indigentum
res augenda, casaeve sarcinae,
mentem quae via praestet assequendi
constantem magis et magis benignam,
quo plures numerare detur annos.
huc, Maurice, veni : redundat imbre
rus, albetve rigens adhuc pruinis ;
sed cum Martius induet corollam
narcisso et viola crocoque textam,
hospes tum meus esto, seriusve :
non sunt multi in amore quos habemus,
quare non semel at frequens redibis,
anni ut continuentur albus albo.





AN EPISTLE TO JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

Dear Joseph,—five and twenty years ago—
 Alas, how time escapes!—'tis even so—
 With frequent intercourse, and always sweet
 And always friendly, we were wont to cheat
 A tedious hour—and now we never meet!
 As some grave gentleman in Terence says
 ('Twas therefore much the same in ancient days),
 Good lack, we know not what to-morrow brings—
 Strange fluctuation of all human things!
 True. Changes will befall and friends may part,
 But distance only cannot change the heart:
 And, were I called to prove the assertion true,
 One proof should serve—a reference to you.

Whence comes it then, that in the wane of life,
 Though nothing have occur'd to kindle strife,
 We find the friends we fancied we had won,
 Though numerous once, reduced to few or none?



EPISTULA DE AMICITIA.

Lustra senescentes iam quinque peregimus : eheu,
 quam cito tempus abit ; sic est tamen, optime Laeli,
 ex quo, congressu nec raro et semper amoeno,
 sicut amicorum mos est, soliti sumus horam
 fallere longinquam : nunc ille intercidit usus.
 plorat uti quidam docti sermone Terenti,
 vir gravis—illi igitur praesens nil discrepat aetas—
 pol ! quam nescimus quid crastina proferat hora,
 tanta homines versat rerum inconstantia. nempe
 mutat cuncta dies, fors et divellat amicos ;
 non ideo mutant animum qui non nisi tractu
 disiunguntur agri : quod si quis dicere verum
 me neget, abnueritque fidem, te scilicet unum
 testari sat erit, verax, te teste, probabor.

Qui fit saepe igitur, labi cum inceperit aetas,
 ut quos credidimus nobis fore semper amicos,
 nil licet acciderit moveat quod iurgia et iras,
 horum deficiat bona pars, aut nulla supersit,
 quot sint cumque vetus quos adsociaverit usus ?

Can gold grow worthless that has stood the touch?

No: gold they seem'd, but they were never such.

Horatio's servant once, with bow and cringe
Swinging the parlour-door upon its hinge,
Dreading a negative, and overawed
Lest he should trespass, begg'd to go abroad.
Go, fellow!—Whither?—turning short about—
Nay: stay at home—you're always going out—
'Tis but a step, sir, just at the street's end—
For what?—An please you, sir, to see a friend—
A friend, Horatio cried, and seem'd to start,
Yea, marry shalt thou, and with all my heart.
And fetch my cloak; for though the night be raw,
I'll see him too—the first I ever saw.

I knew the man, and knew his nature mild,
And was his plaything often when a child;
But somewhat at that moment pinch'd him close,
Else he was seldom bitter or morose.
Perhaps, his confidence just then betray'd,
His grief might prompt him with the speech he made.
Perhaps 'twas mere good-humour gave it birth,
The harmless play of pleasantry and mirth.
Howe'er it was, his language, in my mind,
Bespoke at least a man that knew mankind.
But not to moralize too much, and strain
To prove an evil of which all complain,

num sordere potest aurum quod in igne probatum est?
immo non auro, specie sed fallimur auri.

Ire foras olim cupiebat servus Horati;
hic, capite obstipo, librat dum in cardine valvas,
ne sibi nolit erus concedere plus cupienti
quam par sit metuens, veniam extra limen eundi
postulat: ille obstans, 'quo, furcifer,' inquit, 'abibis?
quin remanes, fugitivus eras qui semper et erro'—
'nil, ere, longo opus est cursu, poscor modo in ima
fine viae'—'quorsum?'—'volo, si des, visere amicum.'
ille sub hoc, tamquam verbi dulcedine motus,
'en! quod aves,' ait, 'ex animo concedimus, exi!
quin mihi fer chlamydem, sit nox etenim aspera, tecum
visere et ipse velim, nunc primum nactus, amicum.'

Ipse egomet noramque virum et quam mitibus esset
moribus, utpote qui totiens colludere mecum
gauderet puero: sed tunc angebat amari
nescio quid, iucundum alioqui mentis et aequae:
sive alicui male fisus in hanc exarserit iram
deceptus, fideique recens a vulnere laesae;
seu merus ille animi lepor innocuusque faceti,
egerit in salsae ridentem iurgia linguae:
quidquid erat caussae, modus arguit ille loquendi
nosse hominem humanos certe, me iudice, mores.

Ne vero exemplis contendam pluribus aequo
ut vitium agnoscas, gemitur quod ubique: (molestum est

(I hate long arguments verbosely spun)
 One story more, dear Hill, and I have done.
 Once on a time an emperor, a wise man,
 No matter where, in China or Japan,
 Decreed that whosoever should offend
 Against the well-known duties of a friend,
 Convicted once, should ever after wear
 But half a coat, and show his bosom bare.
 The punishment importing this, no doubt,
 That all was naught within, and all found out.

O happy Britain! we have not to fear
 Such hard and arbitrary measures here:
 Else, could a law like that which I relate
 But have the sanction of our triple state,
 Some few that I have known in days of old
 Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold:
 While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow,
 Might traverse England safely to and fro,
 An honest man close-button'd to the chin,
 Broad-cloth without, and a warm heart within.

COWPER.



sermones nimium longo deducere filo :)
 hoc uno super adiecto nihil amplius addam.
 rex olim catus ingenio, vir barbarus idem,
 nil refert Serasne inter regnarit an Indos,
 hoc edixit, uti, si quis violasset amico
 praestanda est quae rite fides, de crimine tanto
 convictus semel hic posthac se dimidiata
 indueret tunica, spectandus pectore nudo.
 quo mihi supplicio rex id monuisse videtur,
 nil intra esse preti, quod opertum est, omne resectum.

O fortunatos ob libera iura Britannos,
 nil quibus a domino metuendum est tale severo ;
 sin tribus ordinibus, curant qui publica rerum,
 legem tam rigidam nobis sanxisse placeret,
 sunt mihi iamdudum noti, quorum unus et alter
 illatura malum sibi frigora iure timerent.
 tu tamen, o socios inter fidissime nostros,
 quoquo spirabit caeli de cardine ventus,
 per natale solum dum, vir bonus, integer erras,
 pectora gestabis mento tenus obdita pannis,
 molle cor intus habens iustoque decorus amictu.



EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE.

To my true king I offered free from stain
Courage and faith ; vain faith and courage vain.
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime ;
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees ;
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep ;
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I asked, an early grave.
Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine own ;
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language, which I spake like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust—a broken heart lies here.

MACAULAY.

CAELUM NON ANIMUM.

Legitimo pro rege fidem sine labe profudi
 militis ; a, virtus irrita, vana fides.
 huic ego posthabui titulos, patrimonia, census,
 quaeque mihi in pretio spes erat una magis ;
 hunc propter moerens externo in litore, needum
 corporis absumpto robore, canus eram ;
 seu, Teisa subeunte, tui nos, Arne, pigebat,
 seu sonuit quercus silva Laverna meas.
 nox quotiens oculis dabat irrequieta penates,
 excussit totiens flentibus orta dies :
 dum passo graviora Deus, quod et ipse poposci,
 maturae requiem mortis inire dedit.
 quisquis es, ignotam qui forte adverteris urnam,
 regia si, quae me, te quoque terra tulit ;
 saxa per alba precor visendae haud amplius orae,
 per te qui sermo carus utrique fuit,
 mitte inimicitias, lacrimamque, Britanne, Britanno
 da cineri ;—miserum cor fuit iste meum.



RULE BRITANNIA!

When Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain.
Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves!

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.



BRITANNIA, MARIS IMPERATRIX.

Quando emicabat caeruleo mari,
 iubente mundi Rege, Britannia,
 tutela nascentis canebant
 haec Superi rata iura terrae :
 'sume, o, potestas cui datur aequoris,
 regale munus sume, Britannia !
 cum prole dignatura numquam
 servitio dare colla mater !
 'queis sorte praestas, tempore sentient
 gentes tyrannos : tu, timor aemulis,
 crescente libertate cresces
 magna, tuas habitura leges.
 'caedant, resurgens usque minacior
 frontem per ictus altius eriges,
 quo more bacchanti per auras
 debet opes tua quercus Euro.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles, thine.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
Blest Isle ! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

THOMSON.



'luctantium vis nesciet insolens
 pressisse regum, quominus ignea
 virtute tu flagres, premantur,
 artifices tibi laudis, illi.
 'dotaris almi ruris honoribus;
 splendere cernes mercibus oppida:
 tu, quidquid undarum est, quot ambit
 oceanus, potiere terris.
 'exosa servos Musa tuas libens
 inviset oras, o venerum unice
 felix, neque ad nuptas tuendas
 stirpe mari caritura tellus!'





LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

Toll for the brave!
 The brave that are no more!
 All sunk beneath the wave
 Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel
 And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
 And she was overset:
 Down went the Royal George,
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
 His last sea fight is fought,
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
 No tempest gave the shock;
 She sprang no fatal leak,
 She ran upon no rock.



PASSI NAUFRAGIUM DOMI.

More sonent iusto pro fortibus aera peremptis :

cunctos sub patrio litore gurgēs habet.

spectata virtute viri prope mille novabant

ima ratis ; dederat fluctibus illa latus ;

aura quatit terræ veniens de parte rudentes,

mergitur eversa cum rate tota cohors.

aere sonandus obis, forti cum pube, Duili !

emerito res est gesta suprema duci :

nec tibi rima latens, nec saxo illisa carina,

nec Mars exitii causa, nec ira noti :

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full-charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone;
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

COWPER.



conditus ensis erat; graphium, non arma, gerebas,
tecum octingentos hausit ut unda viros.
eia! levate ratem, totiens quam palluit hostis;
neve mero lacrimae debitus absit honos:
sospes adhuc pinus; quin fulmine feta Britanno
forsitan haec iterum nare per alta queat:
dux tamen ille fuit, quem nec paritura triumphos
nec freta cum sociis rursus aranda manent.





SAPPHO.

She lay among the myrtles on the cliff :
Above her glared the noon ; beneath, the sea.
Upon the white horizon Athos' peak
Weltered in burning haze ; all airs were dead ;
The cicale slept among the tamarisk's hair ;
The birds sat dumb and drooping. Far below
The lazy sea-weed glistened in the sun,
The lazy sea-fowl dried their steaming wings,
The lazy swell kept whispering up the ledge,
And sank again. Great Pan was laid to rest ;
And Mother Earth watched by him as he slept,
And hushed her myriad children for a while.
She lay among the myrtles on the cliff
And sighed for sleep—for sleep that would not hear,
But left her tossing still : for night and day
A mighty hunger yearned within her heart
Till all her veins ran fever ; and her cheek,



SAPPHO.

Olli inter myrtos declivi in rupe iacenti
 sol medius fervet supra caput, aequora subter :
 at liquidos candens finit qua linea tractus,
 visus Athos calidis undare vaporibus : auræ
 quidquid erat periit ; silet ipsa cicada myricæ
 pone comas sopita ; tacent torpentque volucres.
 longe infra segnis micat alga in sole ; madentes
 alas, segne pecus, siccant in litore mergi ;
 lene crepans segni pede labitur aestus in oram,
 se recipit totiens. somno Pan ipse quiescit,
 invigilat cui Terra parens immota quieto,
 suadetque innumerae paulisper somnia proli.
 illa quoque in scopulo myrtis frondente recumbens
 somnum exoptabat : non audiit ille vocatus ;
 non membris concessa quies ; sed nocte dieque
 cor desiderio consumitur intus edaci,
 donec febre calent toto iam in corpore venæ ;

Her long thin hands and ivory-channelled feet
Were wasted with the wasting of her soul.
Then peevishly she flung her on her face
And hid her eye-balls from the blinding glare,
And fingered at the grass, and tried to cool
Her crisp hot lips against the crisp hot sward.
And then she raised her head, and upward cast
Wild looks from homeless eyes, whose liquid light
Gleamed out, between deep folds of blue-black hair,
As gleam twin lakes, between the purple peaks
Of deep Parnassus, at the mournful moon.
Beside her lay her lyre. She snatched the shell,
And waked wild music from its silver strings;
Then tossed it sadly by. 'Ah, hush!' she cries,
'Dead offspring of the tortoise and the mine!
Why mock my discords with thine harmonies,
Although a thrice-Olympian lot be thine,
Only to echo back in every tone
The moods of nobler natures than thine own?'

C. KINGSLEY.



unde genas, gracilesque manus, sectique elephanti
 candebant qui more pedes, tabescere cernas
 tabescente anima. nec iam hos tulit illa labores
 mente aequa, sed humi procumbens cernua, terrae
 applicat impatiens nimii fulgoris ocellos,
 herbamque attrectat digitis, si febre levare
 gramine in arenti possint arentia labra.
 tum, caput erectum attollens, vaga lumina sursum
 dirigit, amenti similis, quorum igneus umor
 crinibus e nigris umerum per utrumque solutis
 elucet, geminos veluti cum in valle reducta
 purpureas inter Parnassi videris arces
 elucere lacus, maestae sub lampade lunae.
 inde chelyn, quae iuxta aderat, rapit illa, rudesque
 elicit, impellens argentea fila, canores :
 mox dolet abiecta : ‘sileas, a, luminis expers
 terrae visceribus genita et testudine proles !
 cur mihi discordes numeros male consona rides,
 sorte licet triplici te fortunarit Olympus,
 reddere cum nequeas nisi quos generosior istis
 dictarit natura modos, ac non tua, chordis ?’



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Act IV. Sc. I.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this well carried shall on her behalf

Change slander to remorse; that is some good:

But not for that dream I on this strange course,

But on this travail look for greater birth.

She dying, as it must be so maintained,

Upon the instant that she was accused,

Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused

Of every hearer: for it so falls out

That what we have we prize not to the worth,

Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,

Why, then we rack the value; then we find

The virtue that possession would not show us

Whiles it was ours.—So will it fare with Claudio:

When he shall hear she died upon his words,

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep

Into his study of imagination,

And every lovely organ of her life

Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,

More moving delicate and full of life

Into the eye and prospect of his soul,

Than when she lived indeed.

SHAKESPEARE.

ΛΕΩΝΗΤΟΣ. ΙΕΡΕΤΣ.

- Λ. τί δὴ γένοιτ' ἂν, ἀρκέσει δὲ πῶς δ' δρᾶς ;
- Ι. ἔοικε γὰρ τοῦτ', ἣν ἐπεξέλθῃ τις εὖ,
 τοῖς τήνδε διαβαλοῦσιν ἐντίκτειν πόθον·
 οὐκ οὐν καλόν τι τοῦτό γ' ; ἀλλ' ἐγὼ οὐ μόνον
 τοιῶνδ' ἔκατι καινὰ ταῦτ' ἐμησάμην,
 μείζον δ' ὅπως τι τῆσδ' ἀπ' ὠδίνος φανῇ.
 κείνη γὰρ, ὡς δεῖ σχηματίζεσθαι λόγον,
 θανούσ' ἐπ' αὐτῷ δῆθεν αἰτιάματι,
 πρὸς τοῦ κλύοντος θρήνον, ἔκ τε μέμφεως
 οἰκτόν τε καὶ ξύγνοιαν ἀντιλήφεται.
 πίπτειν γὰρ ὧδ' εἴωθε τᾶν ἐφημέροις,
 ὧν ἂν κρατῇ τις, τάδε μὲν οὐ κατ' ἀξίαν
 τιμᾷ παρόντα γ', ἀλλ' ὅταν τι φροῦδον ᾗ,
 ἐντεῦθεν ἤδη τοῦθ' ὑπερμέτρως ποθεῖ,
 δ' δ' οὐχ ἕως ὑπῆρχεν εὐρέθη καλόν,
 καλὸν νομίζει τοῦτ' ἀπεστερημένος.
 καὶ πείσεται δὴ ταῦθ' ὁ Κλαυδίω, ὅταν
 τοῖς οἷς θανούσαν τήνδ' ἐπὶ ψόγοις κλύῃ·
 οἰκτρόν τε βουκολοῦντα φροντίσιν πάθος
 κόρης νιν εἵκασμ', ὥσπερ εἰ ζώσης ἔτι,
 τερπνῶς ὑφέρψει, πάνθ' ὅσ' ἐμψύχῳ προσῇν
 ἐράσμι' ὡς πρὸς ὄψιν ἀνακάλουν φρενὸς,
 ἐσθῆτι δ' ἐμπρέποντα τιμιωτέρᾳ,
 καὶ ζῶντα μᾶλλον, χαπαλώτερ' ἐς βάσιν,
 ἢ κἂν βίῳ προῦφαινε, ἐμπνέουσ' ἔτι.

SONG.

How sweet I roamed from field to field,
And tasted all the summer pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide.

He showed me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow ;
He led me through his gardens fair,
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
And Phoebus fired my vocal rage :
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, plays and sports with me ;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

W. BLAKE.

PERFIDUS AMOR.

Ex pratis in prata vagans quam suaviter olim
 carpebam aestivi quidquid honoris erat;
 cum radios inter Phoebi delapsus amandi
 venit in aspectus arbiter ipse meos.
 lilia nectendis mihi crinibus apta, rubentes
 monstravit, capiti sarta parata, rosas;
 meque tulit pulchros vafra dux arte per hortos,
 aurea deliciis septa referta suis.
 Maius erat; ros dulcis aqua mihi tinxerat alas,
 igne calescebat vox mea, Phoebe, tuo;
 mollia cum tacita mihi retia fraude tetendit,
 captumque aurato carcere clausit Amor.
 haud procul ipse sedet, gestitque audire canentem,
 mox variis ridens ludit agitque dolis,
 inde mihi auratam distendens perfidus alam,
 'quo tibi liberius posse volare?' rogat.

SONG.

In the days when earth was young,
Love and Laughter roamed together :
Love took up his harp and sung,
Round him all was golden weather ;
But there came a sigh anon—
‘What will be when life is gone?’

Laughter then would try his skill,
Sang of mirth and joy undying ;
But he played his part so ill,
He set echo all a-sighing.
Ever came an undertone—
‘What will be when life is done?’

Then for ever, since that time,
Love no more can live with Laughter ;
For bright as is the summer-prime,
Winter pale will follow after :
Love henceforth must dwell with Sighs :
Joy was left in Paradise.

A. G. BUTLER.

IUVENTAS MUNDI.

Tempore quo mundi nondum est exacta iuventas,
 cum tenero consors ibat Amore Iocus.
 undique ridebat tempestas aurea caeli,
 susceptaque lyra carmen inibat Amor;
 nec mora quin presso veniat querimonia cantu—
 ‘ecquid erit vita deficiente super?’
 tum Iocus, experiens melius quid possit Amore,
 laetitiam exempto fine salesque canit;
 cui tamen infabre ludenti haud destitit echo
 reddere lugubres, ceu cruciata, sonos:
 quidquid enim cecinit, gravior vox illa subibat—
 ‘ecquid erit vita deficiente super?’
 ergo in perpetuum disrupta est tempore ab illo
 copula, cumque Ioco vivere nescit Amor:
 quippe recens quoquo splendore renideat aestas,
 excipit aetatem pallida semper hiemps:
 degendum est posthac singultus inter Amori;
 mundi primitiae detinuere Iocum.



SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.

He spoke ; but Rustum gazed and gazed, and stood
Speechless ; and then he uttered one sharp cry ;
'O boy—thy father !'—and his voice choked there :
And then a dark cloud pass'd before his eyes,
And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.

But Sohrab crawl'd to where he lay, and cast
His arms about his neck, and kissed his lips,
And with fond faltering fingers strok'd his cheeks,
Trying to call him back to life ; and life
Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes,
And they stood wide with horror ; and he seized
In both his hands the dust which lay around,
And threw it on his head, and smirch'd his hair,
His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms ;
And strong convulsive groanings shook his breast,
And his sobs choked him ; and he clutch'd his sword,
To draw it, and for ever let life out.
But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands,
And with a soothing voice he spoke, and said :—



HEU! SERO REVOCATUR AMOR.

Dixerat, ille autem obtutu defixus inhaeret,
voce carens, gemitu quam mox ita rumpit acuto—
‘en, puer, en patrem!’ nec plura valebat anhelans.
continuo ante oculos nigrans subit umbra, natantque
lumina, labentisque graves humus excipit artus.

Huic tardo adrepens gressu sese inicit alter,
datque ulnas collo circum, dat et oscula labris,
et tremulos adhibet digitos, tactuque pererrat
ora patris, vitae si forte resuscitet auram :
olli vita redux aderat; tum clausa resolvens
lumina, quorum acies subitus tenet horror apertas,
prensat utraque manu, quae fusa est propter, arenam,
iniectaue caput foedat barbamque comasque,
nec crines tantum sed et os rutilantiaue arma.
ingens interea gemitus quatit ilia, vocis
singultu cohibente viam : mox arripit ensem,
quo stricto semel ipse queat se exsolvere vita :
nec latet inceptum, videt instantemque retentat
filius, et dictis mulcens ita lenibus infit.

'Father forbear! for I but meet to-day
 The doom that at my birth was written down
 In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.'
 Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
 When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke too,
 I know it! but fate trod those promptings down
 Under its iron heel; fate, fate engaged
 The strife, and hurled me on my father's spear.
 But let us speak no more of this! I find
 My father; let me feel that I have found.
 Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
 My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
 And wash them with thy tears and say: 'My son!'
 Quick! quick! for numbered are my sands of life,
 And swift; for like the lightning to this field
 I came, and like the wind I go away
 Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.
 But it was writ in Heaven that this should be.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.



'His absiste pater! neque enim nisi quae mihi fati
 nascenti scripta est, hodie sors instat adulto:
 vult Deus haec, cuius mihi tu, nec sponte, minister.
 scilicet, ut vidi, mea mens te adstare parentem
 admonuit, tuaque haud alia tibi voce locuta est.
 novi equidem; sed Parca truci pede ferrea mentis
 pressit humi monitus. me fatum in proelia, fatum
 impulit, ignarumque patris coniecit in hastam.
 sed quid plura loquar? sileantur cetera; patrem
 inveni, sit patre meo gaudere reperto.
 nunc age, me iuxta residens in pulvere palmas
 da capiti circum, delibansque oscula fletu
 tingue genas, natumque tuum me nomine dicas.
 huc, pater, adde gradum; venit hora novissima vitae
 festinatque meae: quid enim si fulguris instar
 huic pugnae insilui? nunc, en, velut aura recedo,
 velocis velut aura repens abituraque venti:
 haec etenim ut fierent decretum est numine caeli.'





IN MEMORIAM.

XIV.

If one should bring me this report,
 That thou had'st touch'd the land to-day,
 And I went down unto the quay,
And found thee lying in the port ;

And standing, muffled round with woe,
 Should see thy passengers in rank
 Come stepping lightly down the plank,
And beckoning unto those they know ;

And if along with these should come
 The man I held as half divine ;
 Should strike a sudden hand in mine,
And ask a thousand things of home ;



LUDIT AMABILIS INSANIA.

Haec si fama meis advolet auribus,
 te salvam in patriis stare hodie vadis,
 si portum ipse petens adspiciam in sinu
 te iacta, ratis, ancora ;
 hic si constiterim sordibus obsitus,
 vectoresque tuos, dum celerant gradum
 prono in ponte, suis innuere invicem
 cunctos ordine viderim ;
 his si forte simul se ferat obvius
 vir, quem credideram paene deo parem,
 arreptaque manu mille redux petat
 res audire super domo ;

And I should tell him all my pain
 And how my life had drooped of late,
 And he should answer : or my state
 And marvel what possessed my brain ;

 And I perceived no word of change,
 No hint of death in all his frame,
 But found him all in all the same.
 I should not feel it to be strange.

TESSYSON.



huic omne expediam, quo crucior, malum,
quali vita recens languerit modo ;
hic me si miserans sortis ineptias
 miretur quibus occuper ;
nec quidquam in socio percipiam novi,
nec vox arguat hunc formave mortuum,
qui se totus agat tam similem sui,
 nil maius fuerit fide.



IN MEMORIAM.

XIX.

The Danube to the Severn gave
 The darken'd heart that beat no more ;
 They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills ;
 The salt sea-water passes by,
 And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,
 And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
 When fill'd with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
 Is vocal in its wooded walls ;
 My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then.

TENNYSON.

LACRIMARUM AESTUS.

Sabrinae tribuit nostri, quae debuit, Hister
 quieta corda luce iam carentia :
 illa accepit humus iucundae in margine ripae,
 ubi audiatur usque fluctuum sonus.
 turgēt ibi bis quoque die Sabrina, marini
 salis liquore praefluente litora :
 fluminis unde loqui melior pars desinit Iscae,
 et hinc et inde fit iugis silentium.
 ceu tumidus tacuit, ceu cessat labier amnis,
 quiescit ille cordis angor intimi ;
 lumina cum fletu turgentia flere recusant,
 premitque vocis aestuans dolor viam.
 mox ubi se recipit fluctus, frondentia, ut ante,
 fit amnis inter alta rupium loquax :
 hoc quoque subsidit gravior sub pectore luctus,
 quoque voce pauca rursus eloqui.

IN MEMORIAM.

CVII.

The time admits not flowers or leaves
To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies
The blast of North and East, and ice
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

And bristles all the brakes and thorns
To yon hard crescent, as she hangs
Above the wood, which grides and clangs
Its leafless ribs and iron horns

Together, in the drifts that pass,
To darken on the rolling brine,
That breaks the coast. But fetch the wine,
Arrange the board and brim the glass :

Bring in great logs, and let them lie,
To make a solid core of heat :
Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat
Of all things, ev'n as he were by :

We keep the day. With festal cheer,
With books and music, surely we
Will drink to him, whate'er he be,
And sing the songs he lov'd to hear.

TENNYSON.

CONVIVA SILENS.

Non flore tempus, non foliis erat
 ornare cenam : nunc Boreae foris
 saevique debacchantur Euri
 flamina, nunc glacies acuta
 praetexit imas cuspide tegulas,
 horrentque dumi sentibus asperi,
 qua crescit in silvas rigenti
 despiciens face noctiluca.
 audisne costis arborum ut insonent
 illisa nudis ferrea cornua,
 pergunt ubi infuscare densa
 nube nives mare fluctuosum,
 quod curvat oram ? prome cadum meri ;
 ciboria exple : quis dapibus struet
 mensas ? quis apportans benigna
 ligna manu cumulabit ignem,
 ardoris ut sit vis solida in foco ?
 demenda fronti nubila : quis modus,
 tamquam ille non lectis adesset,
 colloquiis erit usitatis ?
 hunc dedicari vult Genius diem
 Baccho et Camenis : da, puer, illius,
 quodcumque sit factus, nec absint
 carmina quae placuere vivo.



THE PARROT.

A parrot from the Spanish main,
Full young, and early caged, came o'er
With bright wings to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves, where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But petted in our climate cold
He lived and chattered many a day ;
Until with age, from green and gold
His wings grew grey.



PSITTACUS.

Psittacus, Hispanis ales peregrinus ab India,
 plumea cui rari forma coloris erat,
 pullus adhuc, teneroque fere captivus ab ungue,
 venerat in Mullae frigida tesca meae.
 quid calido quod natus erat sub sole? quod inde
 traxerat alarum non leve pluma decus?
 pomis et patrio spiranti balsama luco,
 Phoebo etiam et zephyris dixerat ille 'vale.'
 his ubi mutavit foculos de caespite factos,
 quodque madens nebulis vestit erica solum;
 quaecumque in partem rutili fert lumen ocelli,
 saxa videt tumido spumea facta salo.
 fovimus; ille diu sub sidere vixit iniquo;
 de se vix umquam destitit esse loquax;
 donec ab annosa fluxit color aureus ala,
 colloque in viridi pluma senilis erat.

At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore.

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapped round his cage with joyful screech,
Dropt down, and died.

CAMPBELL.



iamque oculorum acie modo non et voce perempta,
iurgiaque abiecit dedidicitque sales ;
cum forte Hispanus Mullae venit hospes in oram,
Hispanaque loquens voce salutat avem.
protinus amissam vox nota resuscitat artem,
psittacus Hispano reddidit ore sonos :
sat potuisse loqui ; caveae tum moenia laeto
cum fremitu plangens corpus inane iacet.





CASABIANCA.

The boy stood on the burning deck
 Whence all but he had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead :
Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—He would not go
 Without his father's word :
That father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.
He called aloud—'Say, father, say,
 If yet my task is done ?'
He knew not that the chieftain lay
 Unconscious of his son.



CONSTANTIS IUVENEM FIDE.

Stabat in ardentis strata puer abiete puppis ;
 exierat pavida cetera turba fuga :
 et iam, Volcano ratis illustrante ruinas,
 per stragem accendit lux puerile caput.
 ille tamen constans claraque in luce decorus,
 natus uti tumidis rex dare iura fretis,
 rettulit heroum prisco de sanguine cretos,
 se puerum ostendens corpore, corde virum.
 latius interea volvit se flamma, paterni
 stat memor hic monitus, nec nisi iussus abit ;
 torpuit ille tamen pater exanimatus in ima
 puppe, nec orantis percipit aure preces.
 ‘fare age, fare, pater’—pueri vox illa relict—
 ‘satne tibi factum est? mene manere iubes?’
 inscius, heu, rerum, quem nec miserabilis audit,
 nec sibi praeceptus scit superesse parens.

'Speak, father!'—once again he cried,
 'If I may yet be gone?'
 'And,'—but the booming shots replied
 And fast the flames rolled on.
 Upon his brow he felt their breath,
 And in his waving hair;
 And looked from that lone post of death,
 In still yet brave despair.

He shouted yet once more aloud,
 'My father! must I stay?'
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way.
 They wrapped the ship in splendour wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And streamed above the gallant child,
 Like banners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunder sound—
 The boy—oh! where was he?
 Ask of the winds, that far around
 With fragments strewed the sea.
 With mast and helm and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part—
 But the noblest thing that perished there
 Was that young, faithful heart.

FELICIA HEMANS.

'dic pater'—en, iterum mittit super aequora vocem—
 'nonne sat est? etiam nunc abiisse vetor?'
 irrita verba cadunt; respondent martia tantum
 fulmina, nec parcit flamma vorare trabes.
 iamque super frontem vapor igneus ire videtur;
 per colla effusae iam tepuere comae;
 haud minus in statione manet, qua solus et exspes,
 nec tamen attonito prospicit ore necem,
 et magna inclamat supremum voce parenti—
 'visne, pater, maneam? stemne an abire sinis?'
 haud mora, tortilibus per vela et vincula flammis
 fit via; flammarum suspicit ille viam:
 involvunt totam miro splendore carinam;
 ipse flagrat mali signa gerentis apex;
 ignea nimirum puero vexilla putares
 in nimbum undantes explicuisse sinus.
 tum subita vi quassa ratis; fragor intonat ingens:
 a, ubinam est, meruit qui meliora, puer?
 vos date responsum, venti, qui pinea fertis
 tigna, procelloso disicienda mari!
 cum clavo malique natant et aplustria pulchra,
 iacturam eximiae testificata ratis;
 nobiliora tamen, casus quae perdidit idem,
 cor pueri impavidum nec violata fides.



THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY.

The noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When, 'scaped from literary cares,
I wander'd on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree,
(Two nymphs adorn'd with every grace
That spaniel found for me,)

Now wanton'd, lost in flags and reeds,
Now, starting into sight,
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse display'd
His lilies newly blown ;
Their beauties I intent survey'd,
And one I wish'd my own.

With cane extended far I sought
To steer it close to land,
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand.



CATULUS SAGAX.

Velarat medios grata sol nube calores,
 aura soporatas vix agitabat aquas,
 litterulis cum forte meis curaque solutus
 errabam in ripa, dulcis Avona, tua.
 stirpe satus clara, generis pulcherrimus idem,
 cum domino catulus gestiit ire comes :
 (hunc in delicias binae, Venus utraque, nymphae
 quaesierant nobis mnemosynonque sui.)
 iamque licenter agens iuncis et harundine densa
 conditur, ante oculos iam necopinus adest ;
 aucupio intentus iam captat hirundinis alam,
 tantum non volucris dum rapit arva fuga.
 tempus erat florem quo sumit aquatica lotos,
 (induerat cultus nuper Avona suos :)
 hos ego miratus nolebam avertere vultum,
 unaque praecipue quae cuperetur erat.
 tum baculum extendens longe conabar ad oram
 ducere, sic melius posset ut illa legi ;
 et modo compos eram voti, sed paene tenentis
 elusit cupidam lubrica praeda manum.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains
 With fix'd considerate face,
 And puzzling set his puppy brains
 To comprehend the case.

But with a cherup clear and strong,
 Dispersing all his dream,
 I thence withdrew and follow'd long
 The windings of the stream.

My ramble ended, I return'd,
 Beau trotting far before,
 The floating wreath again discern'd,
 And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropp'd
 Impatient swim to meet
 My quick approach, and soon he dropp'd
 The treasure at my feet.

Charm'd with the sight, the world, I cried,
 Shall hear of this thy deed :
 My dog shall mortify the pride
 Of man's superior breed.

But chief myself I will enjoin,
 Awake at duty's call,
 To show a love as prompt as thine,
 To Him, who gives me all.

COWPER.

nec catulum domini labor irritus ille fefellit;
 quidquid ago, observat, ceu dare vellet opem.
 tunc adhibens cerebri quanta est vis cumque canini
 intellectura singula mente movet:
 perstiteratque diu meditans, ni somnia claro
 discutiens monitu vox crepuisset eri:
 pergimus inde simul curvamina longa sequentes
 fluminis; ex animo flos cadit ille meo.
 errandi facto iam fine in tecta redibam;
 ante volat catulus, lentius ipse sequor:
 rursus, ut ante, notat fluitantia sarta, notansque
 dat saltu in medias se, neque iussus, aquas.
 vidi ego decerpto nitentem flore per undam
 munus in adventus deproperare meos.
 mox etiam apposuit pedibus, quasi dicere vellet,
 'accipe, cur voti non potiare tui?'
 tunc ego, mirandi captus dulcedine visus,
 'ibis ob haec,' dixi, 'tu quoque in ora virum!'
 nobiliore homines iactent se stirpe creatos,
 hos tamen ingenii nobilitate premes.
 me vero ante omnes, te praecipiente, parabo
 fungentem officiis sic vigilare meis,
 ut, quali te movit amor meus impete, grates
 Illi, qui nobis omnia donat, agam.



OTTER HUNTING.

The subtle spoiler, of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade
The deep still pool, within some hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch : whence he surveys
His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
The finny shoals, his own. Here, huntsman, bring
Thy eager pack, and trail him to his couch :
Quick fix the nets and cut off his retreat
Into the sheltering deeps. Ah, there he vents !
The pack plunge headlong, and protended spears
Menace destruction : While the troubled surge
Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind
Affrighted hide their heads : Wild tumult reigns



LUTRA.

Forsitan et procul hinc, ramis ubi segne vetustis
 alnus inumbravit stagnum, fur callidus ille,
 castorea de gente, exeso in stipite lectum
 texuerit: fluvio hinc dominans pecus omne tuetur
 pinnigerum, et ripae longos, sua regna, recessus.
 huc age, venator, catulisque sequacibus instans
 ad latebras sectare; plagas hinc ponere et illinc
 adpropera, tutisque feram penetralibus arce.
 exstat aquis, en, ore tenus; simul insilit omnis
 turba canum, simul exitium porrecta minantur
 spicula, dum tantos velut indignantia motus
 stagna tument, condunt se squamea saecula sub ulvam
 territa, et ingenti late fremit unda tumultu.

And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he vents!
See, that bold hound has seized him: down they sink
Together lost: but soon shall he repent
His rash assault. See there escaped he flies
Half-drowned, and clambers up the slippery bank
With ooze and blood distained. Again he vents:
Again the crowd attack: his numerous foes
Surround him, hounds and men, pierced through and
through
On pointed spears they lift him high in air;
Wriggling he hangs and grins and bites in vain.

W. SOMERVILLE.



en, iterum exsertat nares ; en, arripit audax
illa canis, morsuque tenens submergitur una,
virtutem dolitura suam nisumque ferocem ;
namque cruore artus caenoque adpersa palustri
umentem in ripam viden ut vix sospes ab imis
eluctatur aquis ? rursus caput exserit ille ;
turba petit rursus ; cingunt hominesque canesque,
densa cohors, terebrantque artus, et in aera tollunt
transfixum iaculis seque in sua membra plicantem ;
ringitur hic pendens morsusque imitatur inanes.





ELEGY.

Still the balls ring upon the sun-lit grass,
 Still the big elms, deep shadowed, watch the play;
 And ordered game and loyal conflict pass
 The hours of May.

But the game's guardian, mute, nor heeding more
 What suns may gladden, and what airs may blow,
 Friend, teacher, playmate, helper, counsellor,
 Lies resting now.

'Over'—they move, as bids their fieldman's art;
 With shifted scene the strife begins anew;
 'Over'—we seem to hear him, but his part
 Is over, too.

Dull the best speed, and vain the surest grace—
 So seemed it ever—till there moved along
 Brimmed hat, and cheering presence, and tried face
 Amid the throng.



IN MEMORIAM
ROBERTI GRIMSTON,
HARROVIENSIS.

OBIT a.d. VII. ID. APRIL. MDCCCLXXXIV.

Ulmi despiciunt, umbrosa cacumina, ludos ;
sole nitens resonat caespes ut ante pilis,
ordine qua iusto, Mai patientibus horis,
proelia dant strictae non inimica manus.
at custos ludi, nil curans amplius herbam
qui sol laetificet, quae tremat aura polo,
dux idem et monitor, socius, collusor, amicus,
mutus in obscura nunc requiescit humo.
‘ite’—locos mutant, campestri ut convenit arti,
in se versa redit pugna novatque vices :
‘ite’—sonat monitus tamquam vox ipsius esset—
mutantur partes, egit at ille suas.
nil quamvis certae pollebat gratia dextrae,
irrita res visa est spernere calce solum,
donec per medios petasum vultusque probati
vim recreaturos sensimus ire ducis.

He swayed his realm of grass, and planned, and wrought ;
 Warned rash intruders from the tended sward ;
 A workman, deeming, for the friends he taught,
 No service hard.

He found, behind first failure, more success ;
 Cheered stout endeavour more than languid skill ;
 And ruled the heart of boyhood with the stress
 Of helpful will ;

Or, standing at our hard-fought game, would look,
 Silent and patient, drowned in hope and fear,
 Till the lips quivered, and the strong voice shook
 With low glad cheer.

Well played. His life was honester than ours ;
 We scheme, he worked, we hesitate, he spoke ;
 His rough-hewn stem held no concealing flowers,
 But grain of oak.

No earthly umpire speaks his grave above ;
 And thanks are dumb, and praise is all too late ;
 That worth and truth, that manhood and that love
 Are hid, and wait.

Sleep gently, where thou sleepest, dear old friend ;
 Think, if thou thinkest, on the bright days past ;
 Yet loftier Love, and worthier Truth attend
 What more thou hast !

E. E. BOWEN.

mente cavens manibusque suae, rex caespitis, herbae,
 quos temere ingressos vidit, abegit agro;
 qui pro discipulis, fungi modo posset amici
 munere, vel servi lene putabat opus.
 prima spe lapsos nil se non posse docebat,
 cui potior segni strenuus arte labor:
 nec minus aptus erat puerilia corda regendo
 flectere quo voluit quam dare promptus opem.
 lusimus—adstabat, dum robore nitimur aequo,
 spe tacita patiens semianimisve metu,
 donec anhelata est tremulis vox mascula labris,
 suppresso quamvis murmure, laeta tamen,
 ‘euge!’ nec illa senis vox moribus absona, cui mens
 recta magis nostra simpliciorque fides:
 nos ubi consulimus, res ille industrius egit;
 nostra ubi vox haeret, noverat ille loqui:
 nil stirps illa rudis speciosi floris habebat,
 utpote de quercus robore caesa mero.
 arbiter haud mortalis agit de manibus illis;
 surdaque fit cineris gratia, serus honos:
 sed virtus, sed amor, sed mens ea conscia veri,
 sed probitas nondum fine potita latet.
 blandam, care senex, dormis ubi, carpe quietem;
 temporis, a, lepidi, si potes, acta refer:
 at meliorque fides amor et sublimior istic
 te maneant, si quid pluris ademptus habes.



THE MUMMY-PEA.

August, 1888.

Here blooms in Sherborne and to-day,
 Unmarked, a miracle of flowers,
 Whose seed far centuries away
 Was orb'd in other climes than ours:

Strange thought! the very parent-stem,
 That rock'd its pendent cradle-pod,
 Once haply met the gaze of them
 That spake with him who spake with God;

Or in some garden of great kings,
 Which erst the Sire of nations knew,
 Unfurled the selfsame snowy wings
 That next were spread for me and you.

When last the parent pea-flower's scent
 Did o'er the fields of summer flit,
 Pharaoh's dark daughter may have bent
 Her stately head to feast on it.



PISUM AEGYPTIUM.

Est hodie in nostra—quisnam est qui senserit?—urbe
 res nova, prodigiis addita, Flora, tuis;
 cui procul amoto turgebat semen in orbem
 tempore, nec nostri sub regione poli.
 credibile est—mirere licet,—quae moverit illi
 pensile cunarum stirps genitalis onus,
 hanc ipsam vidisse patres cum vate locutos
 dignus colloquio qui foret ipse Dei:
 forsitan et regum magnorum alicuius in hortis,
 venerit Isacidum quo, vetus hospes, avus,
 canduerint alae, quae tot post saecula nostris
 visibus haud alias explicuere nives.
 id quoque credibile est, quo tempore floris aviti
 spiritus aestivos pervolitarit agros,
 inclinasse caput natam Pharaonis adustum,
 naribus ut suavi posset odore frui.

Then sudden darkness fell : the seed
Lay confined with the mighty dead,
While centuries of human deed
Unheard were passing overhead.

When next it woke, the earth was old :
Four thousand years had ceased to be,
As from this plot of English mould
It looked and breathed on you and me.

Hail ! fair white flower and fragrant breath,
That, symbols of a hope sublime,
Sprang, quickened from the dust of death,
And foiled the flashing scythe of time !

JAMES RHOADES.



tum subito ingruerunt tenebrae: nox alta sepulcri
 semina regali pulvere mixta tegit:
saecula superveniunt, tacita dormitur in arca:
 quidquid agunt homines, permanet illa quies.
cum tandem excutitur, mundi est exacta iuventus;
 bis quater explerant saecula quinque vices;
cum mihi, cum vobis adrisit suaviter halans,
 quae viget in nostro stirps rediviva solo.
macte tuis, flos albe, comis et odore placenti!
 temporis aeterni scilicet omen habes,
quippe sepulcrali vivax e pulvere rursus
 nascere, falcifero non subigende deo.





HENRY VI, Pt. I. ACT I. SC. 2.

EDWARD. RICHARD. MONTAGUE.

R. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

E. No, I can better play the orator.

M. But I have reason strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

Y. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

E. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

Y. About what?

R. About that which concerns your grace and us:

The crown of England, father, which is yours.

Y. Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.

R. Your right depends not on his life or death.

E. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now.

By giving the House of Lancaster leave to breathe

It will outrun you, father, in the end.



AGITAT DISCORDIA FRATRES.

- P. ἐμοὶ τόδ' εἶκ', ἀδελφε, πρεσβεύων ὄμωσ.
- E. ἤκιστ', ἐπεὶ σοῦ φέρτερος λέγειν ἔφυν.
- M. κἄγωγ' ἀναγκαίοισιν ἰσχύω λόγοις.
- ΟΥ. πῶς καὶ διχοστατεῖτε πρὸς κάσιν τέκνω ;
ποῖον τὸ νεῖκος, καὶ πόθεν συνημμένον ;
- E. οὐ νεῖκος ἡμῖν, ἀλλὰ διαφορὰ μόνον.
- ΟΥ. τίνος δὲ καὶ καθίστατ' αἰτίας χάριν ;
- P. ἥσπερ μάλιστα σοί τ', ἄναξ, χῆμῖν μέλει,
τὸ σοὶ προσήκον Ἀγγλίας λέγω κράτος.
- ΟΥ. καὶ πῶς ἔμοιγε ζώντος Ἑρρίκου γ' ἔτι ;
- P. ζώντός γε καὶ μὴ ζώντος ἐν δίκῃ κρατεῖς.
- E. θναῖο τῶν σῶν, ἀλλὰ νῦν, κληροῦχος ὢν.
ἦν δ' ἀμπνοὰς λάβωσι πρὸς σέθεν, πάτερ,
χρόνῳ σ' ὑπερβαλοῦσιν οἱ Λαγκαστρίδαι.

Y. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

E. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken :

I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

R. No, God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.

Y. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

R. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

Y. Thou canst not, son, it is impossible.

SHAKESPEARE.



ΟΤ. ἀλλ' ὦμος' ὄρκον ἡσύχους σφ' ἔξειν θρόνους.

Ε. χρὴ κάπιορκεῖν πρὸς χάριν τυραννίδος·

εἰ γὰρ δυναίμην κἀνιαύσιος κρατεῖν,

τλαίην ἄν ὄρκους μυρίους συγχεῖν ἐγώ.

Ρ. ψεύδορκον εἶναί σ', ἀλλὰ μὴ γένοιτ', ἄναξ.

ΟΤ. ἀκούσομαι δὲ φανερόν ὀπλίσας Ἄρη·

Ρ. τᾶνάντι' ἐνδείξαιμ' ἄν, εἰ κλύοις ἐμοῦ.

ΟΤ. ἀλλ' οὐ δύναί' ἄν, τέκνον, οὐδ' ἄλλος βροτῶν.



A FAREWELL.

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver:
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet, then a river:
Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

TENNYSON.

VALE.

Fonte de gelido fluens,
perge, rivule, ut aequori
debitam tribuas aquam:
mi sed hic spatiarier

 nullo, ut ante, erit aevo.
perge, rivule, qui cupis
rivus esse, quietum iter
per virecta, per hortulos:
sed mihi prope te gradi

 nusquam, ut ante, erit olim.
at tibi gemet imminens
alnus, at tua populus
semper hic quatiet comas;
teque propter apis dabit

 saecula in omnia murmur.
mille solis imagines
in tuo radiaverint
ore, mille trement super
Cynthiae, prope te sed, heu,
 numquam, ut ante, vagabor.



LINES WRITTEN IN AUGUST, 1847.

O glorious lady, with the eyes of light
And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow,
Who by the cradle's side didst watch that night,
Warbling a sweet strange music, who wast thou?

'Yes, darling; let them go;' so ran the strain—
'Yes, let them go, gain, fashion, pleasure, power,
And all the busy elves to whose domain
Belongs the nether sphere, the fleeting hour.

'Without one envious sigh, one anxious scheme,
The nether sphere, the fleeting hour resign.
Mine is the world of thought, the world of dream,
Mine all the past, and all the future mine.

'Fortune, that lays in sport the mighty low,
Age, that to penance turns the joys of youth,
Shall leave untouched the gifts which I bestow
The sense of beauty and the thirst of truth.



MUSA CONSOLATRIX.

Dic mihi quæ fueris, cui lumina plena nitoris,
 altaque Phoebea tempora cincta coma?
 quam, dea, te memorem, cunas prope nocte sub illa
 dulci non solitum quæ melos ore dabas?
 'talìa mitte puer; vanum,'—sic voce canebas,—
 'mitte lucrum, valeant gaudia, fastus, opes:
 quid tibi cum geniis, quorum sunt munera tantum
 queis cita terrigenas vix sinat hora frui?
 mitte brevis vitæ, terræ bona mitte caducæ,
 neve adimi pigeat, neu sit adempta sequi:
 en, meliora dabo, quæ mentem et somnia mentis,
 sæcula quot restant quotque fuere, rego.
 deiciat ludo petulans fortuna potentes,
 gaudia sit pueris apta dolere seni;
 hæc, mea dos, intacta manent; hinc pulchra probare
 sit tibi, sit veri non inhonesta sitis.

‘Of the fair brotherhood, who share my grace,
 I, from thy natal day, pronounce thee free,
 And, if for some I keep a nobler place,
 I keep for none a happier than for thee.

‘There are who, while to vulgar eyes they seem
 Of all my bounties largely to partake,
 Of me as of some rival’s handmaid deem,
 And court me but for gain’s, power’s, fashion’s sake.

‘To such, though deep their lore, though wide their fame,
 Shall my great mysteries be all unknown:
 But thou, through good and evil, praise and blame,
 Wilt thou not love me for myself alone?

‘Yes, thou wilt love me with exceeding love;
 And I will tenfold all that love repay,
 Still smiling, though the tender may reprove,
 Still faithful, though the trusted may betray.

‘For aye mine emblem was, and aye shall be
 The ever-during plant whose bough I wear,
 Brightest and greenest then, when every tree
 That blossoms in the light of time is bare.’

MACAULAY.

ordinis egregii nascens ascribere, natos
 altera quos dignor mater amore meo :
 sit licet hic maiore loco dignatus et ille,
 est potior nulli sors sua sorte tua.
 sunt quibus, ob speciem laudat quia vulgus inanem,
 haud parca videar dona dedisse manu :
 me modo ne pigeat rivalibus esse ministram,
 hos mihi conciliant gratia, quaestus, honor.
 plus nimio sapiant, totoque canantur in orbe,
 talibus est adyti ianua clausa mei :
 tu, quae vox populi, sors quae sit cumque futura,
 omnia prae nobis nostra minoris habe.
 scilicet eximium mihi tu praestabis amorem ;
 hac referam decies pro pietate vicem :
 blandiar, haud constans ut te reprehendat amicus,
 ut prodat, mihi tu crede, fidelis ero.
 mentis erat nostrae, semperque virebit imago,
 hactenus ut viruit laurea, frontis honos,
 non alias spectanda magis quam tempore brumae,
 cum nitidis careat cetera silva comis.'



ON A WITHERED TREE IN THE VICE-REGAL
GROUNDS AT DUBLIN.

Poor tree! a gentle mistress placed thee here,
To be the glory of the glade around :
Thy life has not survived one fleeting year,
And she too sleeps beneath another mound.

But mark what diff'ring terms your fates allow ;
Tho' like the period of your swift decay,
Thine are the sapless root and withered bough ;
Hers the green mem'ry and immortal day.

LORD CARLISLE.



FLEBILIS ARBOR.

Hic te mitis eras, vae! posuit manus,
 ruris quae medii, pine, fores honos :
 vix anni spatio functa iaces—iacet
 tellure haec quoque in extera.
 at quamvis parilem sors dedit exitum,
 quam non aequa manent stamina mortuas,
 tu si fronde cares stirps putris, huic erit
 lux aeterna, virens amor.

Στένομέν σε τὴν ἐλεινὴν,
 ὅτι πρευμενῆς σ' ἔθηκε
 βασιλῆς, νάπους ἔν' ἄρχοις
 ἐλατῶν ἄωτος ἄκρος·
 σὺ δὲ δαρὸν οὐ τέθηλας,
 ἔτος οὐλον οὐκ ἐπέζης,
 φθιμένη δὲ χῆ σ' ἔθηκε
 διαπόντιος κέχωσται.
 ταχέως ἄρ' ἤξε Μοῖρα,
 ταχέως ἀνεῖλεν ἄμφω,
 τὸ δὲ νῆμα τοῦ πύλοιπον
 ἰσομηκὲς οὐκ ἔδωκε,
 σὺ μὲν εἰ κλάδων ἄτερθε
 στέλεχος σέσηπας ἤδη,
 θαλέθει δὲ τῆς ποθεινῆς
 ὄνομ' ἐν θεοῖσιν αἰεὶ
 φάος ἡλίου βλεπούσης.



DYING SOLILOQUY TO THE SOUL.

Animula, vagula, blandula,
hospes comesque corporis,
quæ nunc abibis in loca?
pallidula, rigida, nudula,
nec ut soles dabis iocos.

HADRIANUS.





AD ANIMAM.

ὦ γλυκερὸν πνεῦμ', ὦ ψυχάριον,
 τῇσδὲ γε σαρκὸς
 ξείνῃ θ' ἐτάρα τ', ὦ φοιταλέα,
 ποῖ ποτε, ποῖ νῦν φῶ σ' ἀποδημεῖν;
 σὺ γὰρ ὠχρήσας' ἄτερ ἐσθῆτος
 ναρκαῶς βρέφος ὥς ἔκβολον οἴκων,
 οὐδ' οἷα φιλεῖς ἔτι παίζειι.





PARADISE REGAINED, l. 294—320.

So spake our Morning Star, then in His rise,
 And looking round on every side, beheld
 A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades.
 The way He came not having marked, return
 Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
 And He still on was led, but with such thought
 Accompanied of things past and to come
 Lodged in His breast, as well might recommend
 Such solitude before choicest society.
 Full forty days He passed, whether on hill
 Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
 Under the covert of some ancient oak
 Or cedar, to defend Him from the dew,
 Or harboured in one cave, is not revealed;
 Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt



CHRISTUS PATIENS.

Sic fatus noster primo tum Lucifer ortu
 huc atque huc oculos circumtulit, in via lustrans
 undique deserta et tenebris horrentia nigris.
 haud facilis regressus, inobservata viarum
 cui fuerat regio venienti, nullius ante
 trita solo : movet acta tamen venturaque secum,
 quoquo pergit iter, comitantia, solus ut errans
 adscisci sibi vel lectos nil curet amicos.

Bis denos soles totidem bis fama vaganti
 exactos : seu colle diem condebat aperto,
 umbrosa seu valle latens : sed noctis in hora
 scire nefas patulaene cedri securus in umbra
 caverit umentes, veterive sub ilice, rores,
 unius an sese hospitio commiserit antri.
 hunc soliti victus, ardor cui demptus edendi,
 nulla iuvat satias, donec sub fine dierum

Till, those days ended, hungered then at last
Among wild beasts : they at His sight grew mild,
Nor sleeping Him nor waking harmed, His walk
The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm,
The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.

But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following as seemed in quest of some stray ewe,
Or withered sticks to gather, which might serve
Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet returned from field at even,
He saw approach, who first with curious eye
Perused Him, then with words thus uttered spake.

MILTON.



ipsa domant ventris ieiunia longa, ferarum
 lustra inter cunctantem : ollis mansuescere corda
 huius in adspectus, quotiens vigilaret inermis,
 dormiret quotiens, nihil ausis laedere : fugit
 igneus hunc serpens et noxius anguis euntem ;
 et tigres procul et torvi stupuere leones.

Iam vero agresti senior vestitus amictu—
 amissae seu forte sequens vestigia caprae,
 arida sive legens, Boreae memor acris, in usum
 hiberni sarmenta foci, queis membra foveret
 uvidus ex agro prima iam nocte regressus—
 visus adire procul, cupido qui lumine vultum
 perscrutans, dictis compellat talibus ultro.





EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

Oh, Friend! for ever loved, for ever dear!
 What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour'd bier!
 What sighs re-echoed to thy parting breath,
 Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of death!
 Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;
 Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force;
 Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
 Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey;
 Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,
 Thy comrade's honour and thy friend's delight.
 If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh
 The spot, where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
 Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
 A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
 No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
 But living statues there are seen to weep;



ERAT TUM DIGNUS AMARI.

Care diu, nec digne minus qui semper ameris!
 quam vanis maduit fletibus iste rogus!
 quot respondebant animæ lamenta fugaci,
 mortis ubi incepit te cruciare dolor!
 sin lacrimae scirent instantem arcere tyrannum,
 flectere si, flecti nescia, tela preces;
 virtuti si danda foret mora, siqua iuventae,
 sciret si Veneri Mors dare capta manus,
 vivus eras hodie, qui lumina nostra iuvarēs
 aegra, decus socii deliciaeque tui.
 sin mitis tua forte locum circumvolat umbra,
 putris ubi factus nunc iacet iste cinis;
 hic tibi Phidiacæ gravior quam creditur arti
 in nostro luctus corde legendus erit.
 ergo nulla notant humilem tibi marmora lectum;
 signa ibi flent, quamvis torpida, viva tamen.

Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb ;
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.
What though thy sire lament his failing line,
A father's sorrow cannot equal mine.
Though none like thee his dying hour will cheer,
Yet other offspring soothe his anguish here ;
But who with me will hold thy former place ?
Thine image what new friendship can efface ?
Ah, none !—a father's tears will cease to flow,
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe,
To all, save one, is consolation known,
But solitary friendship sighs alone.

BYRON.



non tumulo incumbit simulata doloris imago ;

ipse dolor puerum te periisse gemit.

quid si flet genitor stirpem sibi defore gentis ?

illius an nostro par dolor esse queat ?

quid si mortem obiens te solatore carebit ?

cui restat suboles, est medicina mali :

sed quis te potior nostro succedet amori ?

ecqua potest vultus esse litura tui ?

nemo erit ! at patrii cessabunt tempore fletus,

mox tenero ut fratri plaga levetur erit ;

unus ego invenio solatia nulla doloris ;

solus amans, solus tempus in omne fleo.





TO-MORROW.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail ;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail :
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow ;
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honours await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighbouring hill ;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a neighbouring rill :
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

J. COLLINS.



QUID SIT FUTURUM CRAS FUGE QUAERERE.

Porticus ante fores tegmen mihi praestet et umbram,
 seu rutillet Phoebus seu ruat imbre polus;
 neu parvi desit modus agri aptusque ligoni,
 quaeque terat flavas area ruris opes.
 una mihi det vacca serum, canis una ferinam,
 pleni sint loculi cum roget aera comes,
 nil Croeso invideam gazas nomenve superbum,
 crastina nec quod sit lux paritura decus.

ne petat Arctoo spirans e carcere ventus
 limina, sub proprio stent mea tecta iugo,
 quoque mihi obrepat iucundius hora soporis,
 rivus est iuxta lene crepantis aquae:
 dumque aderit sine lite quies, dum copia victus,
 et morbo et trepidis corde carente malis,
 cum sociis hodie sit participare parata,
 detur et his mensam cras onerare cibo.



THE RIVULET.

O silvery streamlet of the fields,
That flowest full and free,
For thee the rains of Spring return,
The Summer dews for thee:
And when the latest blossoms die
In Autumn's chilly showers,
The Winter fountains gush for thee,
Till May brings back the flowers.

O stream of life, the violet springs
But once beside thy bed ;
But one brief Summer on thy path
The dews of heaven are shed :
Thy parent fountains shrink away,
And close their crystal veins,
And where thy glittering current flowed,
The dust alone remains.

BRYANT.



RIVULUS.

Rive, decus prati, clivorum argentea proles,
 plenus inoffenso qui pede volvis aquas,
 subsidio veniunt pluviae tibi vere reductae,
 ducis ab aestivo rore refectus opes.
 mox ubi per ripas autumnus frigidus imber,
 seri quidquid hiat floris, id omne ruet,
 bruma tibi eliciet nimborum prodiga fontes,
 dum redeat Mai non sine flore calor.

at tibi, Vita, fluis rivi quae more fugacis,
 his violam in cursu progenuisse nefas.
 primaque elapsa non altera riserit aestas,
 quae te caelesti munere roris alat.
 ergo ubi rarescent qui te genuere liquores,
 clausaque deficiet vena micantis aquae;
 nuper ubi vitreo spectabilis amne fluebas,
 sordidus hic pulvis, nec nisi pulvis, erit.



TO SLEEP.

Sweet sleep, that dost the soldier's hurt

Beyond the battle's rail

Sweet sleep, that hear'st the peasant's prayer

For need'st the monarch's ail

Sweet sleep, that seal'st the venicid eye,

That sooth'st the throbbing pain,

That shed'st while the evening hour

For all thy manifold reign.

Yet sternly just where guilty are

Doth rack the conscious breast,

Thou shed'st no genial influence there,

Thou giv'st no placid rest.

Where guilt is fixed, thou ne'er canst live,

Nor where it reigns, abide;

Nor be thy calm dominion shared

By Avarice or Pride.



SOMNE, QUIES RERUM!

Alme Sopor, cui grata magis casa parva coloni
 quam quibus instructa est divitis aula toris;
 te quotiens ambit prece rusticus, annuis illi,
 regia difficilis vota minoris habes.
 claudere tu gestis fessorum lumina, per te
 quo relevet vulnus, qui cruciatur, habet;
 regnum ubi concessit tibi vespers hora, parumper
 tranquillare soles numine cuncta tuo:
 quod si cura reos agitat, iustissimus idem
 conscia non illis corda quiesse sinis;
 nulla ibi diffundis genialia munera noctis;
 sive faves, lectis inrequietus ades.
 qua culpa adfixit labem, tu vivere nescis;
 nulla tibi sedes, haec ubi regnat, erit.
 cordibus in placidis regnum tibi solus habeto;
 absit avarities hinc animique tumor.

Though man all other nature's gifts
Summon by force or skill,
No art can force thee to obey,
Or bend thee to his will.

Freely thou roam'st o'er hill and vale,
Thy presence none control;
But whomsoever thou visit'st not,
Heaven help the wretched soul!

SOUTHEY.



cetera quae donat rerum natura, potiri
si nequit ingenio, vi sibi subdit homo.
cogere in obsequium nulla te possumus arte;
te nemo invitum qua prece flectat habet.
per iuga, per valles, ultro sine lege vagaris:
adstes an fugias, iuris id omne tui est:
quem tamen aversa tu praetermiseris ala,
vae misero, auxilium ni ferat ipse Deus!



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, Act III. Sc. 6.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee cast-away!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come
not

Like Cæsar's sister; the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostent of our love, which left unshown
Is often left unloved: we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrained, but did it
On my free-will.

SHAKESPEARE.

ΚΑΙΣΑΡ, ΟΚΤΑΒΙΑ.

- Ο. χαίρειν κελεύω Καίσαρ', ἄνδρα δεσπότην,
τῶν τ' ἐν γένει μοι προσφιλέστατον κάρα.
- Κ. φεῦ τοῦ σ' ἀδόκιμον, ἔκ γ' ἐμοῦ κλύειν ποτέ.
- Ο. οὐπω σὺ τοῦτό μ' εἶπας, οὐδέ σ' αἰτία.
- Κ. τί δὴ λαθοῦς' ἐπήλθες; οὐ τι γὰρ κάσει
Καίσαρος ἔοικας, ἡ γυνὴ δ' Ἀντωνίου
στόλον προπομπὸν καὶ φρυάγμαθ' ἵππικὰ
ἔχειν ἔμελλ' ἄπωθεν ἀγγέλλοντά νιν,
πρὶν καὶ φανῆναι· δένδρα τ' ἐν κλάδοις ὄχλον
ὁδοιπορούσῃ τῇδε βαστάζειν ἔδει,
ὣν δ' οὐ 'κράτησεν ἐλπίδ' ἐκθυήσκειν πόθῳ.
κόνις μὲν οὖν ἐς αἶπὺν οὐρανοῦ πόλον
ᾧφειλ' ἀνήκειν, τοῦ σε πέμποντος στρατοῦ
ποδῶν ὕπ' ἀντέλλουσα· νῦν δὲ πρὸς πόλιν
κλέψας' ὅπως τις ἄγροθεν κόρη πόδα
τὴν τοῦδε τάνδρὸς προὔφθασας προθυμίαν,
ἢ μὴ 'πιδειχθεῖς' ἔσθ' ὅτ' οὐ κτᾶται χάριν.
ἐμέλλομέν σοι κὰν θαλασσίαις ὁδοῖς
ὑπαντιάζειν, γῆς τ' ἐπεμβάσῃ πέδον,
ἀσπᾶσματ' ἀρτύσαντες, οἳ μολεῖν σ' ἐχρῆν,
κρείσσω δὲ τῶν ὀπισθεν ἐν πάσῃ πόλει.
- Ο. οὐκ ἐξ ἀνάγκης, ὦ φέριστε δεσποτῶν,
μονοστιβῇ τήνδ' ἤλθον, ἀλλ' ἐκούσ', ὁδόν.



SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

ON THE CENOTAPH IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Not here! the White North has thy bones, and thou,
Heroic sailor-soul,
Art passing on thy happier voyage now,
Toward no earthly pole.

TENNYSON.





INVIA VIRTUTI NULLA EST VIA.

Urna vacat: nive terra rigens habet ossa sub Arctis;
 at tu, nauta ferox, nobilis umbra viri,
 nunc alium ingressus fausto magis alite cursum,
 ad non terrestrem velificare polum.

τύμβος ὃδ' ἐστὶ κενός· σὰ μὲν ὅσ τεα νιφόμεν', ἥρως,
 εἵνεκα ναυτιλίας τῆς πάρος, Ἄρκτος ἔχει·
 ψυχῇ δ' οὐ πλόος ἦν ὅδε γ' ὕστατος, ἃ τε βέβακεν
 οὔρια θευσομένη πρὸς πόλον οὐ χθόνιον.



SOMETHING ON NOTHING.

On *nothing*, Fanny, must I write?
 What! not one word of thee indite?
 My Muse then grows unruly.
 Vows she will write, and it shall be
 On something lovelier than thee,
 And that is *nothing* truly.

W. M. PRAED.

RANDOM SHAFTS.

Oh, many a shaft at random sent
 Finds mark the archer little meant,
 And many a word at random spoken
 May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

DE NIHILO.

De nihilo scribam? de te, mea Phylli, silendum est?

Musa retractanti vota recusat opem.

scribere cogit amor: sit te mihi pulchrior ignis;

pulchrius igne meo quid queat esse?—Nihil.

VOLAT IRREVOCABILE VERBUM.

Imprudente manu quotiens cum tenditur arcus,

quod minime reris posse ferire, ferit.

est quoque ut imprudens quae vox committitur auris

sauciet aut luctu saucia corda levet.



LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

By this the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking ;
 And in the scowl of heaven each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind
 And as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armed men,
 Their trampling sounded nearer.

'O haste thee, haste !' the lady cries,
 'Though tempests round us gather ;
 I'll face the raging of the skies
 But not an angry father.'

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her,—
 When, O ! too strong for human hand
 The tempest gathered o'er her.



Ἀλλήλων δ' ἀπόναντο καὶ ἐν πύματι περ ὀλέθρου.

Turbinis interea crebrescit in æthere murmur,
 Nereis e tumidis exululabat aquis :
 dumque polum involvunt media inter verba tenebrae,
 nubila fit facies cuique nigrante polo.
 sed quo saeva magis gliscit violentia venti,
 quo magis obscurat nox inamoena diem ;
 urget equos armata cohors per devia saltus,
 auditurque sonus clarior usque pedum.
 'eia age! rumpe moras!'—sic clamat territa virgo—
 'in nos se quamvis colligat ira poli,
 haud dubitem caelo me commisisse furenti,
 at nequeo iratum non metuisse patrem.'
 iamque procelloso solvunt a litore proram ;
 ante procellosi se levat unda freti,
 a, viden ut miseris super ingruat ira procellae,
 nec velit humana iam ratis arte regi?

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing ;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover :
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief
'Across this stormy water :
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! O my daughter!'

'Twas vain : the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

CAMPBELL.



haud minus, horrisono luctantibus aequore remis,
itur in adversas, quo tumet aestus, aquas.
litus adit fatale pater furibundus, at illi
mutatur lacrimis ira, dolore minae.
namque ibi per pluvias, per opacam filia nubem
visa est attonito, nec bene visa, patri,
tendit quae dextram miseris opis indiga rebus,
nec laeva absistit colla fovere viri.
'a, refer,' exclamat, 'refer huc mea filia cursum!
non erat his opibus traicienda palus.
ipse voco genitor, ne me aspernare dolentem;
en, veniam per nos quam petit iste, ferat.'
nil valet, undarum vi tunsa remurmurat ora;
quique vetat reditum fluctus, ademit opem.
obruit, heu, natam non exorabilis aestus;
orbato superest nil nisi flere patri.





DEATH OF ADAM.

He closed his eyelids with a tranquil smile,
And seemed to rest in silent prayer awhile :
Around his couch with filial awe we kneel'd,
When suddenly a light from heaven reveal'd
A spirit, that stood within the unopen'd door ;—
The sword of God in his right hand he bore ;
His countenance was lightning, and his vest
Like snow at sunrise on the mountain's crest ;
Yet so benignly beautiful his form,
His presence still'd the fury of the storm :
At once the winds retire, the waters cease ;
His look was love, his salutation 'Peace' !
Our mother first beheld him sore amazed,
But terror grew to transport while she gazed :
'Tis he, the Prince of Seraphim, who drove
Our banish'd feet from Eden's happy grove :



MORS ADAMI.

Ille, ubi cum risu sunt lumina clausa quieto,
 labra movet tacitas ceu ferat ore preces ;
 quem prope, dum genibus pia nos reverentia flexis
 detinet, emissa est lux necopina polo.
 lumina transierat, nec verso cardine, caeli
 nuntius, armata est cui manus ense Dei.
 luce renidebat facies ceu fulgure, vestis
 nix velut in summis, sole oriente, iugis.
 sed, tam mitis erat nitidae praesentia formae—
 deposuit rabiem sponte procella suam ;
 nec mora, dum ventos abigit, dum mitigat imbres,
 pax dictis, vultu significatur amor.
 prima videt clamatque videns exterrita mater :—
 excipiunt primos gaudia quanta metus—
 ‘ ipse est, caelicolum princeps, qui causa beato
 cur profugi luco terga daremus erat.

Adam! my life, my spouse, awake!' she cried;
'Return to Paradise, behold thy guide!
O let me follow in this dear embrace':
She sunk, and on his bosom hid her face.
Adam look'd up: his visage changed its hue,
Transform'd into an angel's at the view;
'I come!' he cried, with faith's full triumph fired,
And in a sigh of ecstasy expired.
The light was vanish'd, and the vision fled;
We stood alone, the living with the dead.
The ruddy embers, glimmering round the room,
Display'd the corpse amidst the solemn gloom;
But o'er the scene a holy calm reposed:
The gate of heaven had opened there, and closed.

J. MONTGOMERY.



surge, marite, meae pars iucundissima vitae,
 en tibi dux! illuc, fugimus unde, redi.
 hoc sequar amplexu penitus tibi iuncta':—locuta est;
 inque sinus labens condidit ora viri.
 sustulit ille oculos; frontis mutata figura est;
 humano in vultu caelitis instar erat.
 'en, venio,' exclamat; certi vox plena triumphi;
 dulce aliquid gemitus vel morientis habet.
 iam lux vanuerat, rapta est caelestis imago:
 nos ibi, tres* soli, linquimur,—ille fuit.
 igne rubescentis sublucent tecta favillae,
 sic tamen ut pateat mortua forma patris:
 at divina quies tenebris inducitur, et iam
 clausa est, quae fuerat porta reclusa poli.

* 'Eve, Seth, and I'—



RETIREMENT.

O blest Retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
For him no wretches born to work and weep
Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep :
No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

GOLDSMITH.

FALLENTIS SEMITA VITAE.

A divina quies, vitae tutela caducae!
 curarum, a, precibus meta negata meis!
 felix, qui potuit tali tranquillus in umbra
 otia, quae iuvenis sprexit, habere senex;
 qui, vitae illecebris cum sollicitatur iniquis,
 insuperabilibus scit dare terga malis;
 non illi mare temptat atrox, penetratve metalli
 nata laborando gens lacrimisque vias:
 non stat mole sua turgens in limine custos,
 corpora qui spernat surdus egena cibi:
 fata sed opperiens virtutis amicus amicis
 dis fruitur, donec mors obeunda manet:
 nec sentit propior veniens propiorque sepulchro,
 cui leviter pronam mens facit aequa viam:
 dumque senescenti, quae prospicit, omnia rident,
 exspectanda piis gaudia vivus init.

DEPARTED DAYS.

Yes, dear departed cherished days,
 Could Memory's hand restore
Your morning light, your evening rays
 From Time's grey urn once more :
Then might this restless heart be still,
 This straining eye might close,
And Hope her fainting pinions fold
 While the fair phantoms rose.

But like a child in ocean's arms
 We strive against the stream,
Each moment further from the shore
 Where life's young fountains gleam :—
Each moment fainter wave the fields
 And wider rolls the sea ;
The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—
 Day breaks—and where are we ?

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

FUGIT IRREPARABILE TEMPUS.

At vos, elapsae dulcissima tempora vitae,
 posset Mnemosynes si reparare manus,
 ferali ex urna si reddere cana Vetustas,
 quale dabat veniens sol abiensve iubar;
 forsan et haec curis mens irrequieta vacaret;
 tenta diu possent lumina pace frui;
 nec non languentem Spes ipsa remitteret alam,
 dum species aevi pulchra prioris adest.

sed, maris in gremio puer ut sine viribus innans,
 nitimur adversi semper in alta freti;
 inque dies longinqua magis magis ora recedit,
 qua radiant fontes luce, Iuventa, tua.
 messibus undantes paulatim abscondimus agros,
 latius extentis se mare volvit aquis;
 nubibus accedunt tenebrae; sol conditur undis:
 tendere nos quorsum viderit orta dies?



CARMINA SACRA.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom and offerings divine?
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

HEBER.

PRAEVIA LUX.

Salve, o, sub auras qua neque clarius
Aurora mater nec melius iubar
emisit, insurgensque nostris
stella, fer auxilium tenebris.
duc, unde terras vix supereminens
pendes eoi fax nova litoris,
duc, o, ubi in cunis recumbit,
spes hominum, generosus Infans.
haeret cubili ros gelido micans:
vides ut aequet cum vitulis caput
somno reclinatus? sed ore
caelicolum perhibetur Idem
salutis Auctor, Rex, Sator omnium.
an sumptuosis hunc iuvat hostiis,
an ture Idumaeo piari
more dei? tribuentne bacas,
ne desit Illi iustus honos, freta?
montesne gemmae, myrrhane deseret
silvas? an effossi metallis
pondere conciliemus auri?
nil largientis multa manus eget,
nil dona curat, qui prece pauperum
gaudet verecundique cordis
muneribus pretiosiore.

I PRAISED THE EARTH, IN BEAUTY SEEN.

I praised the earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green ;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;
And earth and ocean seem'd to say,
'Our beauties are but for a day.'

I praised the sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold ;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky ;
And moon and sun in answer said,
'Our days of light are numberèd.'

O God ! O good beyond compare !
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee !

HEBER.

Παράγει τὸ σχῆμα τοῦ κόσμου τούτου.

Tellurem amoenam et rura virentibus
 distincta sertis laudibus extuli,
 parmaeque resplendentia instar
 sidereae spatia ampla ponti :
 at visa terrae, visa eadem est maris
 vox conquerentis, 'summa venit dies
 utrique nostrum, quos tueris
 exitio dabit illa cultus.'
 te deinde, te, sol, qui rutilantibus
 electro et auro vectus eras rotis,
 fabar, nec aestivi tacebam
 suave micans per inane caeli
 quam mitiorem luna dabat facem :
 at luna Phoebo consona rettulit,
 'sors una nos urget caducis
 ignibus impositura finem.'
 o fons bonorum, o principium, Deus,
 cui nil secundum, nil simile exstitit,
 tam dia si fluxis venustas
 rebus inest, tua si bearunt
 terrae ruinas munera, si genus
 mortale nostrum, quid loquar aureas
 mercede quas magna redemptis
 tecum erit incoluisse sedes ?



“LOVEST THOU ME?”

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word :
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

'I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

'Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yea, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.



ΑΓΑΠΑΣ ΜΕ ;

Eia age, cor nostrum, Deus est qui te vocat, audin?

Christi tu monitum percipe, Christus adest :
 tecum agit Ipse loquens, 'Dic o miserabilis Orci
 victima, Mene mea morte redemptus amas?
 sub iuga missus eras, vincto tibi vincla resolvi;
 sanavi medica vulnera cruda manu :
 errabas, Ego te quaerens in tuta reduxi,
 caecus eras, per Me nox tua facta dies.
 maternumne potest dediscere mater amorem?
 an memor haec subolis desinet esse suae?
 scilicet est animo genetricis ut excidat infans,
 at numquam potero non memor esse tui.
 idem amor in Nobis semper : licet ardua lustres
 templa poli, summo est altior ille polo :
 sive inferna petas, Orco ille profundior imo est ;
 plus mea morte valet larga tenaxque fides.

'Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of My throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?'

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love Thee and adore ;
Oh, for grace to love Thee more !

W. COWPER.



gloria nostra brevi quam sit praeclara videbis,
cum penitus culpae labe solutus eris :
esse mei socius tu dignus habebere regni ;
Mene mei pretio sanguinis emptus amas ?'
nil me, Christe, Tui gravius conturbat amantem,
quam quod hebet noster nec satis ardet amor :
verus at ille tamen, vera est reverentia cordis,
implear o utinam totus amore Tui !





ST MATTHEW.

From fisher's net, from fig-tree's shade
God gathers whom He will ;
Touched by His grace, all men are made
His purpose to fulfil :
But not alone from shady nooks,
Fresh with life's noon-tide dew,
From humble walks or quiet books,
Calls He His chosen few.

Out of the busiest haunts of life,
Its most engrossing cares,
Its nightly travail, daily strife,
Self-woven golden snares,
He for His vineyard doth provide ;
His gentle voice doth move
The world's keen votaries to His side,
With its persuasive love.



ΑΝΑΣΤΑΣ ΗΚΟΛΟΥΘΗΣΕΝ ΑΥΤΩ.

Non umbra ficus, non vada detinent
 piscosa, quorum cor tetigit Deus ;
 quoscumque delegit, volentes
 consiliis adhibet ministros.
 at nec latebris rore madentibus
 meridiatos se voluit sequi
 solos, nec hortorum recessus
 si quis amat, tacitamve musam.
 utcumque, mersa plebe negotiis,
 laboriosi fervet opus fori,
 nec cura decedit tenebris,
 nec redeunt sine lite soles,
 queis illigari fert animus lucro,
 hinc vel sequentes prava trahit, sua
 vineta culturos, benigna
 voce Pater meliora suadens.

So Matthew left his golden gains,
At the great Master's call ;
His soul the love of Christ constrains
Freely to give up all.
The tide of life was at its flow,
Rose higher day by day ;
But he a higher life would know
Than that which round him lay.

O Saviour, when prosperity
Makes this world hard to leave,
And all its pomps and vanity
Their meshes round us weave ;
O grant us grace, that to Thy call
We may obedient be ;
And, cheerfully forsaking all,
May follow only Thee.

MONSELL.



hanc insecutus distulit aureos
repente quaestus Alfius, et novi
in verba iuratus Magistri
pauperiem sine dote sumpsit.
negotiorum scilicet indies
crescebat aestus; non minus acriter
coetusque vulgares et urbem
sprevit, avens potiora nummis.
sic possidentes plus nimio viam
temptare caeli cum piget arduam,
cum nescit extricare virtus
se laqueis specieque rerum;
audire vocem, Christe, sinas tuam,
fac et libenti pectore mercibus,
vel quicquid obsistat, relictis,
non aliam, duce Te, sequamur.





ORIGINAL VERSES.



fors et audaces ruis in libellos,
qui vetent musam colere obsoletam
foedus ut posthac puerisque fiat

Orbiliisque.

dic ubi sis : a, utinam hic adesses,
mecum ut optato fruerere ludo :
fluxit in campos Thamesis, patetque
magna geli vis !

In villa ad Thamesin

Non. Ian. MDCCCLXVI.



To J. B.

Brise, quem, cursu temere instituto,
non Toletani potuere soles
flectere, aut fulva culices quot armat

Baetis in unda :

tene adhuc Gades retinere amoenas
dicam, an irati memorem clientis
tardius vecta rate Lusitanum

stringere litus ?

an, mari fretum male, te vapor
credere, ardentique iterare cursus
axe, dum lympa caput aestuosum

proluis empta ?

proximae cura est mihi ne Kalendae
ante perdicem videant cadentem,
quam Duri tangas nimium moratis

ostia velis.

sis modo, ut semper, tolerare fortis
pulicum morsus, neque cum lavari
gesties, rivus, neque desit uvae

copia sicco.

In mari ad Herculis Columnas.

Prid. Kal. Sept. MDCCCLXXV.



To A. G. W.

Poeta amico valedicturus pro libri dono grates agit.

Siccis, care, genis ne me legisse putaris

ultima iucundi signa sodalitii.

mnemosynon venit iste liber non unius anni,

quem tuus agnovi laetius ire comes.

unus utrique labor, requies erat una laboris,

quaeque tibi in votis illa fuere mihi.

me tua mollivit mitis sapientia crudum,

te mea non passa est vis nimis esse gravem.

dividimur, nec rupta tamen pia copula; neuter

fraternam poterit dedidicisse fidem.

MDCCCLXXVII.





GRATES.

Quid loquar egregio quem sic decorastis, amici,
munere? qua grates voce pudenter agam?
in votis ut amarer erat; spe plura dedistis,
queis videar dignus cui tribuatur honos.
nec scio quid dicam; quæ vere sentiat intus
mens, ea sincere promere lingua nequit:
sat mihi, perlecta, si vestrum quisque, camena,
hoc de me poterit dicere, 'Gratus erat.'

MDCCCLXXVIII.





IN MEMORIAM

W. J. H.

PRAEPECTI LUDIS.

MDCCLXXX.

[On a Tablet in the Chapel of Sherborne School.]

Te duce, care puer, pueri cum lusimus olim,
 optimus in cursu, quem sequeremur, eras ;
 caelestem exacto tetigisti limite metam ;
 fratribus, a, fratrem detur ad astra sequi.



ON A SUNDIAL AT HARROW.

While sun to sun succeeds, and hour to hour,
 This Dial, Harrow, shall Time's sentry be,
 For sake of one, who erst in shine and shower
 For thrice ten years was true to Time and thee.

IN MEMORIAM

G. F. H.

Hoc super aere cadens, dum sol prorepet in horas,
 temporis ostendet mobilis umbra vices;
 ne cadat ex animo Iove qui sub utroque ministrans
 per sex lustra tibi nesciit, Herga, moras.



IN OBITUM
PUERI DILECTISSIMI

T. W. A.

Heu, geniale caput! cum vix adoleverat aetas,
 cui subiit nostrum te quoque posse rapi?
 te levitate pedum, firmo te robore ovantem,
 heredemque tuae deliciasque domus?
 nam neque prospiciens, ut frater amabilis, ictum
 tarda languebas in tua fata mora;
 nec messem, velut ille, ferens maturus opimam
 sponte dabas falci, quae legerentur, opes.
 at socios inter notissimus unus, amicus
 nulli, quin penitus diligereris, eras:
 quem regum ille* nepos fidum sibi sensit Achaten;
 nec pudit teneris saepe dedisse manus.
 idem aliquid vultuque hilari salibusque valebas,
 plus tamen ingenii simplicitate tui;

* The Duke of Genoa.

quippe puer germanus eras, nec seria rerum
 frons tua norat adhuc praeposuisse iocis.
 at libris si forte vacans laudisque paternae
 et sancti fueris commonefactus avi,
 te quoque crediderim totiens optasse merendo
 dignum aliquid tantae stirpe dedisse domus.
 dis aliter visum—iam ludi finis agendi,
 pensi finis adest : talia linque, puer !
 non opus humanis, ut iam doceare, magistris ;
 praemia, ni fallor, nostra minoris habes.
 est aliquid te nosse tamen, si pariete ab illo,
 nomen ubi posthac triste legere tuis,
 discet ovans aetate puer nec pulchra iuventa
 membra, nec ingenium mite, vetare mori.

HERGAE

MDCCCLXXII.



IN MEMORIAM

C. G. GORDON.

ΕΥ, ΔΟΥΛΕ ΑΓΑΘΕ ΚΑΙ ΠΙΣΤΕ !

Norant Aethiopes, norat te Serica tellus :

lux, tutela, salus millibus unus eras.

ergo ubi de campis haud nostro sole perustis

auribus adlata est vox 'miserere' tuis ;

'quod poscor satis est ; vestro, quem quaeritis, adsum

praesidio : cives vos' ais 'este mei' !

o Fabiis vir digne magis Pauloque vel ipso

cuius eat circum tempora quernus honor :

quae tibi militiae merces ? qui fructus ?—ab ipsis

civibus in salva proditus urbe iaces.

nec tamen extincto vitae mors finis honestae ;

nomen inextinctum vivis in ore virum,

vivere cum miseris fuerit cui sola cupido,

solaque pro miseris gloria visa mori.

MDCCCLXXXV.

INFANTIS EPITAPHIUM.

Quae modo materna sopita iacebat in ulna
 parvula, sed tanto cara puella magis,
 nunc alio in gremio—noli turbare—quiescit,
 curaque fit summi, quam pretiosa, Patris.
 est ut Pastor, ovile tuens terrestre, putarit
 hanc superi dignam quae foret agna gregis;
 impositamque sinu, nec vim, nec fata timentem,
 reddiderit caelo, venerat unde, suo.

Sweet babe, that late on mother's arm wast sleeping,
 So greatly precious for thy tiny charms;
 Rest, rest thee safe to-day in better keeping,
 Rest, darling, in the Almighty Father's arms.
 Haply the Christ, His fold of this world viewing,
 Deem'd thee a lamb too fair with us to roam;
 So hid thee in His breast from Death's undoing,
 And bore thee, fearless of his terrors, home.



IN MEMORIAM

W. J. H.

Is he gone from us—gone past returning,

Where echo is deaf to our call,

Tir'd out with his playing and learning,

That lately was stronger than all?

We loved him : ah yes, when he led us,

We rallied as one to his cheer,

The hero we looked for to head us,

Our chief without peer.

So simple, no child could misdoubt him,

Light-hearted himself as a child :

How dim were our triumphs without him !

How cloudless defeat when he smiled !

He is gone, and we know not the wherefore,

But surely our faith shall be this,

That he cares for the things that we care for,

Albeit in bliss.



QUIS DESIDERIO SIT PUDOR AUT MODUS
TAM CARI CAPITIS?

Ergo abiit noster non iam revocabilis, et nos
non responsuro murmura vana damus?
defessus studiis et lusibus otia quaerit?
omnibus at nuper fortior unus erat.
carus erat certe. quis, si sonuisset 'ad hostes'
vox ea, cessavit destituitve ducem?
quaslibet in pugnas illo praeceunte libenter
ivimus, et dignus quem sequeremur erat.
ille animi laetus, tener ipse ut posset haberi,
pellexit teneros simplicitate sua.
quo sine dimidia caruerunt luce triumphi,
arrisit pulsus sol sine nube suis.
nunc abiit nobis, quare nescimus ademptus,
attamen haec poterit tollere corda fides:
absens nostra tamen—sic spes haud irrita suadet—
curat in Elysiis noster, ut ante, plagis.

Perchance in the timeless hereafter,
Forgetful of parting and pain,
We shall hear the sweet ring of his laughter,
And talk with our comrade again.
There will still be the look that endeared him,
The voice that gave life to the game,
And his love for the Sherborne that reared him
Will still be the same.

Ah playmates, the hand that bereft us,
While yet there are goals to be won,
His gallant example hath left us,
To nerve and to beckon us on.
Our trust in the right shall be surer
For deeds that together we dared,
And truer and nobler and purer
The life that he shared.



forsā et hoc olim saeculorum limite dempto
 cum desideria haec, cum dolor exciderit,
 fors iterum dabitur dulces audire cachinnos,
 dulcibus alloquiis rursus, ut ante, frui.
 oris et ille lepor lucebit amabilis, et vox,
 quae bona pars nostris lusibus inter erat :
 et te, quae tenerum, Shirburnia mater, alebas,
 tum quoque non alia cum pietate colet.
 ne tamen abreptum nimium doleatis, amici :
 tunc ubi poscebat plurima meta ducem,
 qui rapuit, nobis exemplar nobile liquit,
 quod metam fessis monstret opemque, Deus.
 scilicet efficient quae nos temptavimus una
 ut meliora probet quisque, sequique velit :
 sincerumque magis fiet, quod viximus una,
 laude magis dignum, liberiusque malo.

H. C. F. M.

March, 1882.



AD HERGAM.

A : D : XVII KAL IUL MDCCCLXXI.

Collis incola frondei,
 Nympha, sive lubentius
 nostra Pieris audies,
 lux adest ; ades o tuis
 Herga, mater, alumnis !
 cinge purpurea latus
 sonula ; caput ambiat
 discolor violarum honos :
 inque crine reluceant
 bina tela, sagittae.
 huc ades : simul hinc et hinc
 tecum eant Lepor et Jocus ;
 sitque sobria risuum
 Disciplina comes, comes
 sit Pudor puerilia.
 scimus ut bene posteris
 noster ille pius senex,
 alter ut Numa consulens,
 hac in arce locaverit,
 te monente, Camenas :
 quare age, o memor illius,
 perge, ne remorare sis,
 perge munus ad annum ;
 iam vocata trecenties
 Herga, mater, opem da !

TO OUR GENIUS.

HARROW TERCENTENARY.

JUNE 15TH, 1871.

Goddess of the leafy hill,
 Nymph, or Muse, or what you will,
 With the light begins the lay,
 Herga, be our guest to-day!

Don the belt of purple hue,
 Don the kerchief white and blue,
 And amid thy tresses streaming
 Set the mimic arrows gleaming.

Come, and with the jocund twain,
 Jest and Mirth, that bear thy train,
 Simple Modesty combine,
 And sober-minded Discipline.

Here by happy omen sped,
 Numa-like, our sire, 'tis said,
 Reared a resting-place for thee
 And the maids of Castaly.

Thrice a hundred years have rolled;
 Come where sleeps thy patron old;
 Yearly thus we own thy sway;
 Herga, be our help to-day!

scimus ut pharetram gerens
 tu priorum hilari die
 tela rexeris et manus
 aemulantium Apollinem
 sub iugo viridanti :
 sic minoribus annuens
 tu pilam rege, tu manu
 stipitem quate buxeum ;
 nil tui sine te valent

 Herga, mater, alumni.
 scimus ut tibi dediti
 vatis, indocilem docena,
 mitigaveris indolem,
 quaeque luserit hic sua,
 te monente, sub ulmo ;
 ecce par decus appetens
 te rogat puer ut pari
 se iuves ope ; sed iuva,
 dulcis o puerilium

 mater ingeniorum !
 stirpis, a, sine pristinae
 gloriam referat domus,
 stetque tempus in ultimum
 viribusque valens suis
 vividaque iuventa !

Once, the quiver at thy side,
 Thou didst lend at shooting-tide
 To our aim beneath the hill
 Something of Apollo's skill :

What if garb and game be new ?
 Thine the willow as the yew,
 Thou must guide the merry play,
 Herga, be our help to-day !

Once, they say, thy whisper mild
 Wooed a wayward poet-child
 To attune his lyre for thee
 Sweetly 'neath the twilight tree :

Every lad that seeks the bay
 Prays to be thy thrall to-day ;
 With thy whispers aid him ever,
 Gentle nurse of young endeavour !

So upon the good green hill
 Book and ball shall prosper still,
 And thy sons to distant time
 Wear the verdure of their prime.



CARMEN SHIRBURNIENSE.

Olim fuit monachorum
 schola nostra sedes ;
 puer regius illorum
 fecit nos heredes ;
 hoc in posteros amoris
 grande dedit signum ;
 sonet ergo fundatoris
 nomen laude dignum !
 vivat Rex Eduardus Sextus !
 vivat !

ubi preces iterabant
 senes cucullati,
 tecta stant ut olim stabant,
 mores quam mutati!
 pro silentio senili
 fit ubique iocus;
 ludo semper puerili
 totus fervet locus.
 vivat Rex Eduardus Sextus!
 vivat!

sana membra, vitae sanum
 praestant sensum rura;
 habilem dat pila manum;
 durat follis crura:
 pisces, ubi sinit aestas,
 aemulamur nando,
 Philomelae voces maestas
 vincimus cantando.
 vivat Rex Eduardus Sextus!
 vivat!

studiorum vice tali
 roborantur mores;
 musa cultu liberali
 spinis miscet flores;
 semen insecuta seges
 messes reddit certas;
 legibus finita leges
 temperat libertas.
 vivat Rex Eduardus Sextus!
 vivat!

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1. TRANSLATIONS.

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A parrot from the Spanish main	CAMPBELL 92
And on I rode, and greater was my thirst . . .	TENNYSON 8
And while she grovell'd at his feet	TENNYSON 24
Animula, vagula, blandula	HADRIAN 180
Arethusa arose from her couch of snows . . .	SHELLEY 16
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning . .	HEBER 168
Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave	SHAKESPEARE 118
But, like a graven image	MACAULAY 10
By this the storm grew loud apace	CAMPBELL 154
Come live with me and be my love	MARLOWE 44
Come, when no graver cares employ	TENNYSON 48
Dear Joseph,—five and twenty years ago . . .	COWPER 54
Earl March looked on his dying child	CAMPBELL 28
Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea	TENNYSON 122
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned .	COWPER 14
From fisher's net, from fig-tree's shade . .	J. S. MONSELL 176
Had you such leisure in the time of death? .	SHAKESPEARE 86
Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar	SHAKESPEARE 148
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord	COWPER 172
He closed his eyelids with a tranquil smile .	J. MONTGOMERY 158
He is gone on the mountain	SCOTT 20
He rose at dawn and, fired with hope	TENNYSON 40
He spoke; but Rustum gazed and gazed, and stood	M. ARNOLD 80

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Here blooms in Sherborne and to-day . . . JAMES RHODES	114
How sweet I roamed from field to field . . . BLAKE	76
I praised the earth, in beauty seen . . . HEBER	170
I remember, I remember . . . HOOD	4
If one should bring me this report . . . TENNYSON	84
If that the world and love were young . . . RALEIGH	44
In the days when earth was young . . . A. G. BUTLER	78
Not here: the white North has thy bones . . . TENNYSON	150
O blest Retirement, friend to life's decline . . . GOLDSMITH	162
O glorious lady, with the eyes of light . . . MACAULAY	124
O silvery streamlet of the fields . . . BRYANT	142
Oh, friend! for ever loved, for ever dear . . . BYRON	136
Oh, many a shaft at random sent . . . SCOTT	152
On <i>nothing</i> , Fanny, must I write? . . . PRAED	152
Once on a time, when sunny May . . . PRAED	30
Poor tree! a gentle mistress placed thee here . . . CARLISLE	128
She lay among the myrtles on the cliff . . . KINGSLEY	70
So spake our Morning Star, then in His rise . . . MILTON	132
Still the balls ring upon the sunlit grass . . . E. E. BOWEN	110
Sweet sleep, that lov'st the cottar's hut . . . SOUTHEY	144
The boy stood on the burning deck . . . F. HEMANS	96
The Danube to the Severn gave . . . TENNYSON	88
The noon was shady, and soft airs . . . COWPER	102
The subtle spoiler, of the beaver kind . . . W. SOMERVILLE	106
The time admits not flowers or leaves . . . TENNYSON	90
To my true king I offered free from stain . . . MACAULAY	60
Toll for the brave! . . . COWPER	66
Tread lightly here, for here 'tis said . . . ROGERS	100
Under the greenwood tree . . . SHAKESPEARE	2
What shall become of this? what will this do? SHAKESPEARE	74
When Britain first at Heaven's command . . . THOMSON	62
With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade J. COLLINS	140
Yes, dear departed, cherished days . . . O. W. HOLMES	164

2. ORIGINAL VERSES.

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Brise, quem cursu temere instituto	185
Collis incola frondei (with translation)	198
Heu, geniale caput! cum vix adoleverat aetas	190
Is he gone from us—gone past returning? (with translation by H. C. F. M.)	194
Norant Aethiopes, norat te Serica tellus	192
O super nubes aditure mecum	183
Olim fuit monachorum	202
Quae modo materna sopita iacebat in ulna (with translation)	198
Quid loquar egregio quem sic decorastis, amici?	187
Siccis, care, genis ne me legisse putaris	186
Te duce, care puer, pueri cum lusimus olim	188
While sun to sun succeeds, and hour to hour (with translation)	189

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